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Presented by the author

to

Henry Seward Geib

Nov. 29-1843

AUTUMNAL

FRUITS AND FLOWERS:

BEING

THE EFFUSIONS OF A REFLECTING MIND

IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

BY RACHEL HUNT,
Of Darby, Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY JOHN RICHARDS,
No. 130 North Third Street.
1843.

WA

To preserve in a more permanent form some of the narratives and poetic productions of a beloved parent and friend, her immediate children and relatives have prevailed on the writer of the following Essays to suffer a few copies to be printed for their own satisfaction and private use. Should they fall into the hands of strangers who may have no personal acquaintance with the author, it is hoped they will be instructive; and that the devotional feelings of piety which abound among them will exclude the exercise of rigid criticism.—Ed.

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AUTUMNAL

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

MEDITATIONS ON DIVINE WISDOM AND POWER.

If wisdom bound the active mind,
  Peace and good-will on earth would reign:
No wrath nor anger was design'd
  By Him that wrought this curious frame.

Sensations rise and prospects press
  Upon the mind, and make it feel
Desires for lasting happiness,—
  Yes—even for the public weal.

Ah! may we feel his love, his power,
  Pervade the soul and raise to life,
That precious seed—that noble flow'r,
  That droops and languishes in strife.

Not all the treasures of the east,
  Nor all the downy beds of ease,
Can furnish with a heavenly feast,
  Unless his holy Spirit please.

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NBY
Hunt

b. E. Donahue.
Presented by the author
to
Henry Seidenstricker
Nov. 29-1843

He consoles the heavy-hearted,
And he sets the captive free:
Precious daughter, light's imparted,
Life and power and liberty.

Therefore with a mind devoted,
Serve the glorious Lord on high;
Goodness has thy mind supported,
Freely offer'd, always nigh.

And the humble soul hath pleasure,
Such this world cannot bestow;
Grace supplies with heavenly treasure,
Warm with love, the heart will glow.

Gospel Ministry seems to have connexion with the charge formerly given, to wait at Jerusalem; hence,

GOSPEL MINISTERS,

In waiting, feel the power above,
Descending on them like a dove,
T' enlarge and warm the heart with love
To all the human race;
Believing, speak—and truth proclaim
With language good, in moving strain,
And to the listening ear explain
The power of saving grace.

Let such that do profess and say
They know the new and living way,
Be just, be faithful in their day,
That they may witness peace.
If I have had a perfect view
Of gospel love, 'tis pure and true;
Its advocates should self subdue,
So will their strength increase.

Sublime and dignified the cause,
Justice and mercy forms its laws,
And with pure wisdom gently draws
The soul to long for food:
And if the stream of life arise,
Which ebbs and flows, yet never dies,
But furnish new and fresh supplies
Of sweet and heavenly good.

This saving power, through faith, we find
Acts freely on the willing mind,
And for redemption is design'd,
In mercy to the soul.
Impressive love that moves to speak,
For comfort to the poor and meek,
And strength for those that feel but weak,
Would gather up the whole.

But what are words without the power?
Forgot in less than half an hour,

Yet faith unfeign'd begets a flower
That opens to the sight,
Expands with many beauties rare,
Produces fruit both good and fair,
Nurtur'd by Providential care,
Perfected by the light.

Then let the contrite heart believe
In Him that never doth deceive:
Oh! seek, and find, and to him cleave,
And ever do his will.
The fervent prayer availeth much,
Made all-effectual by the touch
Of Him that putteth forth, and such
Desires he will fulfil.

How plain these simple truths appear,
Made to the understanding clear,
No mystery then remaineth here,
Except to those without—
Who let their lofty spirits soar
Above the witness, felt before,
They open wide the folded door
Of unbelief or doubt.

In fancy's maze some have run wild,
And then produc'd a spurious child,
With pride the soul becomes defil'd,
And has its just reward.

Is there true peace, or is there rest,
Where'er the seed lies so oppress'd?
No: sighs and sorrows heave the breast—
The heart and mind accord.

Not so, when kindred spirits meet,
Their fellowship and union sweet,
In which they can each other greet,
To worldly minds unknown:
With humble gratitude they feel
The heavenly unction, with its seal,
Which flesh and blood could not reveal,
Nor any power their own.

But heavenly light—
The light that shone round the illustrious Paul,
Is ever shining round about us all;
Makes manifest, instructs and reconciles,
And, if obey'd, preserves from satan's wiles.
But those that shut it out and turn away,
May weep and feed on husks, when far astray.
Then let this serious thought possess the heart,
Before the soul and body have to part,
Arise, go to the Father's house, and there
Thou wilt find bread enough, and much to spare.
No longer starve with hunger; go and find
The Father's love compassionate and kind:
Though no more worthy to be call'd his son,
And but for mercy all would be undone.

NOTES

Taken on a visit to the YEARLY MEETING OF OHIO, held at Mount Pleasant; with other meetings, going and returning. Written often in the wagon as we stopped to water the horses.

8th mo. 14th, 1819, tenth hour, forenoon. In near affection I took leave of my family and friends, and in company with H. O. and J. B. left my pleasant habitation, at Darby, bound for Ohio.

While riding along, silently musing, I fancied my dear children were returning to their several homes and occupations, and my poor J. H. left alone to pursue his own plans. We made a halt at the widow Passmore's, where we were kindly received and dined on coffee; rested awhile, then journeyed on to West Chester. On our way we met with a sight rather uncommon, at least to me,—one hundred and eighty swine in a drove, the largest and fattest I ever beheld, going to Philadelphia market; they had been fed at the whiskey stills. It was with difficulty we could pass them. Reached West Chester, and met with a kind reception from our friends Nathan Sharpless and wife. Had an interview with C. M.; he appears to be interesting.

15th. Had but a poor night's rest; awoke early, with slight fever, felt very poor; no inclination to converse with mortal flesh, nor qualification to do any good. Proceeded on to aunt Marshall's, then to Bradford meeting; had indeed a proving season—much close matter presented, and but little ability to labour: however I got along as well as I could, but did not find entire relief. Dined, and travelled on with a tried mind, until some renewed impressions rose into dominion, and humbled and comforted my exercised soul, for which I felt thankful, and noted them as follows:

I still resign my all to thee,
And secretly adore thy name;
But death and darkness gross I see
Oppose the spreading of thy fame.

Yet in this proving, trying hour,
Some quick'ning virtue touch'd the mind;
It rose superior in that power,
And left the darkness all behind.

Thou sea! thou saw it; yes, and fled,—
And Jordan's streams were backward driven,
The lofty mountains bow'd their head,
The little hills grew smooth and even.

16th. This morning, went on to Lampeter, and arrived at William Gibbons's about one o'clock. He and

his dear Hannah were truly glad to see us, I believe. After dinner was over, dear sister Deborah was brought, and she really seemed overjoyed to meet with us; before tea, Samuel, Rachel, Abraham, Daniel and wife, and Robert Parry and wife joined the company, and we spent a tolerably pleasant afternoon; although my heart was clothed with sadness at intervals.

17th. This morning took leave of our relatives, and started for Columbia,—were there received with marks of kindness also. Met with our ancient friend William Rickman, from Europe, and his companion, bound likewise for Ohio. They seemed much pleased to meet with us, and I was also pleased to meet with them. I found he had thought of a meeting at York the next day, as well as myself. After dinner, we all set out in company and crossed the great, rapid, rocky river Susquehanna over a curious bridge. When we entered the one end we could not see the other. We journeyed on, and at length arrived at Little York, at Thomas Taylor's,—friends were remarkably kind, but I felt depressed in mind.

18th. Got up this morning still more heavy hearted: but I know in whom I believe, and in whom I trust; he is a God hearing prayer, and in his own time he will comfort me. I believe this is the right place for me to be. These were the secret cogitations of my mind before I arose. Attended the meeting, and

was helped, through Divine goodness, with strength and ability to relieve my mind. Near the close, W. Rickman appeared in solemn supplication; may the praise be given to Him alone unto whom it belongs.—W. R. and companion seem to have no mind to separate from us; and after proposing to me to stay Warrington Quarterly meeting (which I could see nothing about) he concluded to go with us to Huntington monthly meeting, twenty-three miles ahead.

The roads are much washed and the weather continues very wet—thirteen miles to ride this afternoon over hills and mountains. The heavy rain had so swelled the two Conewago rivers that we could not cross them in the usual crossing places; so had to take another rout to cross them on bridges. When we came in sight of the river, it appeared terrific; the water ran round the end of the bridge for nine or ten rods, nearly deep enough to swim the horses. I acknowledge I was afraid to venture, and had to summon all the fortitude I was capable of; however, we were mercifully favoured to get through safe. My concern then increased for our elderly friend W. R. and his companion, lest their horse and dearborn should be floated down the stream. After we had all landed on the other side, I told William it would be a sorrowful thing for him to be drowned in the Conewago river, after safely crossing the mighty ocean. He smiled, and said he would have tried his best to swim, rather than have drowned. We have had a tiresome wet ride this afternoon; the Cone-

wago mountain was so rough, being washed with the rain, that I did not know but our wagon would have come to pieces. At length, we arrived safe at Warrington, thirteen miles, to Thomas McMillen's, and lodged there.

19th. Left McMillen's early this morning and got to Huntington monthly meeting, eleven miles,—his son Joseph went thither as guide. I had a comfortable meeting, and expected I was entirely unknown at this place; but after it ended there were many flocked round, and one dear ancient friend took me in her arms and exclaimed, "Ah! Rachel, I knew thee as soon as thou came and took thy seat, and I am rejoiced thou hast been with us." Others expressed, they thought it was me, but wished to hear our certificates that they might be sure. We gratified them by producing our certificates to the monthly meeting. W. R. sticks close to us, and I believe he intends to continue so to do. We crossed two branches of the Bermudian creek, and are at William Wireman's, within one mile of the York springs, Adams county.

20th. We left our lodgings this morning to encompass the mountains,—had a guide thirteen miles to Isaac Wireman's,—took some refreshment, fed our horses, then proceeded over several spurs of the Bear Mountain,—fell in with the turnpike, and fed again on the side of the South Mountain. At length reached the

top, and with industry crossed over; so pursued our journey until we arrived at Chambersburg, the capital of Franklin county. This is a handsome town, and I thought its situation might be a little similar to ancient Jerusalem, in the midst of the mountains.

We have passed through several counties, and the corn fields in Lancaster county far exceed all the others for goodness: there is some pretty good in York county, and but very little good in Adams or Franklin. We passed by a natural curiosity in this day's ride,—two large springs rise near together, called Falling Springs, for they both fall into one and form a stream sufficiently strong for a large mill.

21st. We left Chambersburg about eight this morning; and truly, I have been so absorbed in admiration and wonder at the sublime prospects around, that all recollection of the distance we travelled seemed to be lost, until we approached near the foot of Mount Parnall, where we halted to feed our horses at a white house. Here I took my pen as I sat in the wagon; but it would be in vain to attempt a description in full; a few original lines, however, presented, which I put on paper while we rested, as follows:

Those lofty mountains full in view,
  Each rears its grand majestic head;
Those scatter'd clouds that o'er them flew,
  A checker'd gloom upon them spread.

Mount Parnall's craggy clifts appear,
In broken links the chain to join;
Sublime the prospect,—I revere
The Power that formed them—'tis divine.

We then proceeded to Loudon, a small town at the foot of the North or Great Cove Mountain. We pursued our course slowly four miles and a half up this wonder of nature, until we arrived at the top; where we got a glass of good home-made beer, which much refreshed us, poor weary travellers. We drove a little farther and stopped our horses to take a view of those marvellous parts of creation; but ah! me: the more I beheld, the more I admired the prospect: how extensive! how grand! how beautiful! mountain lost in mountain presented to view. It baffled description and humbled the creature, bringing every power and faculty of my mind silently to adore the Creator. My heart was fraught with gratitude, precious feeling, and in this comfortable state the prophet's emphatic language presented to my mind, which I repeated in a low hum to myself, "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

We then began to descend the other side, which was about the same distance as in rising, making nine miles over. We moved but slowly; for indeed we could not go fast; the jarring of the wagon on the rough turnpike made it rather unpleasant, and withal but a dreary ride

down the mountain. On the left appeared a very black cloud, and our friends called out "Prepare for rain." I thought they were frightened before they were hurt. However, it soon poured on us in torrents of heavy rain; but I thought it was a great favour there was but little thunder and lightning, which would have felt very awful in this dreary place,—for this and many other favours my heart was again made thankful. At length we got safe to McConnelstown, Bedford county—Linsey's inn. It was crowded with travellers that had got there before us, and "first come, first served." We did not like our lodgings, but tried to be satisfied rough as it was, and slept on the floor.

22d. Rode seven miles in the rain to breakfast, this morning, being first-day: what a memorable one it will be to me. I thought of our dear friends left at home, and hoped they would attend their meeting to renew their strength by waiting on the Lord in solemn silence; and then with thankful hearts return home to partake of a clean and wholesome meal, and be comfortable in each others society,—while I am climbing from mountain to mountain, and passing through the very clouds which were rising on either side and before us; I am not capable of conveying on paper or even by expression, a perfect idea of what I see and feel. A memorable day indeed! my head aching, nerves twitching, and fingers springing with rheumatism. What a dreary time! We had to turn off the pike and travel some old

road, on account of some obstruction ; and this was also very bad ; but through difficulty we at length reached our lack-a-day lodgings at one Householder's—sixteen miles or more through the rain this day.

23d. Not very well this morning, having taken some cold ; eat but little breakfast. The weather being more favourable, we made the best of our way to the turnpike again. I shall be as much at a loss to describe this day's travel correctly as some others heretofore. It has been superbly grand. Rode near fifteen miles up the Juniatta—crossed it on a beautiful bridge ; and here my genius and love for poetry produced spontaneously a few more lines :

The Juniatta's crystal streams
  Through ragged mountains wind their way;
Bright Sol, with his prolific beams,
  Can scarcely on their surface play.

Great mountains high, on either side,
  And rocks stupendous, right and left;
Tall hemlock, spruce,—the mountain's pride,
  Extend their boughs from cleft to cleft.

Some curious traveller may behold
  Those works of wisdom and admire,
With Cowper's genius to unfold,
  And paint them with poetic fire :

But this, alas ! is not my call,
My mission is a different kind ;
'Tis universal love to all,
That gently mov'd my yielding mind,

To leave my home and those so dear,—
To feel or suffer with the seed ;
And if the way should open clear,
Encourage those that stand in need.

We travelled on and fed our horses in full view of Tuffy's Mountain, not describable. After travelling for several hours, we arrived at Bedford, the county town of Bedford, with our wagon broken. Here we must lay by until it is mended. This town is also in the midst of the mountains.

Some miles before we arrived at this place, there seemed to be a dark cloud covering my mind ; but I mentioned it not to any. When we got to our lodgings it rather increased. The inn was crowded with many people ; there being a mineral spring near by, which occasions such a concourse, in order to drink of the waters at this season. There was about thirty of us sat down to the supper table at once; others playing on the piano forte, and some whistling ; some manifested great curiosity to know who we were, and inquired if I was Elizabeth Walker. Truly this may be called "Suffering Hall."

24th. This morning we rode several miles to breakfast; eat with some appetite, and expected to proceed, but hesitated a little, for our minds seemed drawn towards Dunning's Creek. After consulting together, we all concluded to leave the pike and pursue the direct course to Thomas Penrose's, several miles distant.—We reached his habitation, and stayed all night. He had an interesting family.

25th. This day we had an appointed meeting at Dunning's Creek, which was large, the house was filled to overflowing, and many came that could not get in. I thought the Lord's power was magnified over all, and his people edified together. After dinner, we had eighteen miles to travel; one of the sons went with us ten miles for a guide; the other eight was to me very trying, as night was approaching and we had to climb the Alleghany Mountain. As we moved up the one side which seemed to wind round towards a point, the road over against us which we had to travel looked so terrific, and the vast valley below so awful; Oh dear! said I to myself, what shall we do? this is the most fearful ride we have had in this journey, night being fast approaching and it was thirteen miles over this mountain. However, with constant travelling until eight in the evening, by the faint light of the moon and the protecting care of kind Providence through this dreary waste, we arrived safe at an inn near the top of the mountain. The house was crowded with people;

the beds all bespoke, and many on the floors. We had some refreshment, then laid ourselves down on the floor to sleep, being the second time since we left home.

26th. Went nine miles this morning to breakfast at Stoystown, Graham's inn; then eight miles more to Denning's, fed our horses and rested awhile; then ten miles further over Laurel Hill, and a tedious rough mountain it was. We crossed several small streams of water, and passed on to Ligonier a town in Westmoreland county to lodge. Now, said I, we should write home and let them know how we are getting along; but I am too weary in body and sluggish in mind to attempt it. But my poor mind was roused from its lethargy before supper was over, and brought under exercise unexpectedly with a prospect of appointing a meeting in this town before we left it. Not one member of our society near this place, nor any Friends' meeting ever held here; and besides, thought I, it will hinder us some time from pursuing our journey. Thus I reasoned with myself privately; but, for all this, it still seemed sounded to my inward ear, Here are some people thou left thy home to see. I thought best to consult my companions on the subject; but they had felt nothing of it; so we concluded to go to bed, and rest under the concern until morning: but there seemed to be no sleep for me. I tossed about from side to side; got up, bathed my head with camphor, which I had provided for the journey: at length got a little sleep; but waking

early, the reasoner was at hand again; so I concluded in my own mind to go on and bear my own burden.

27th. My fellow travellers concluded we must have breakfast before we set out. We consulted together again; but ah! how my poor mind was tried! It is sometimes hard work to be willing to be a very fool. William Rickman said he believed it was particularly my business, but he was entirely willing to accompany me; and so they all said. I still thought to bear my own burden, and move on after breakfast; but with this conclusion, felt unpleasant—when this thought presented: If thou art wearied with this small requisition, how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan? Therefore I yielded to the impression, and when we spoke to the landlord about having a meeting, he seemed very willing, and proposed a place in the woods near by, where he said they had sermons every sabbath. I asked him if there was no house to be had; he said there was a school-house, and he would speak to the teacher and see if it could be had; and they would fit it up. He seemed very spirited about it, and spread information himself. We met at ten, and our landlord went with us; the people behaved remarkably well, and I thought were not entirely ignorant of the necessity of silent spiritual worship. It was a good meeting, and I believe ended well; at least it took a great load off my spirit. After it closed, they spoke to each other about raising a collection; but the landlord, who knew better,

told them we would receive nothing. And indeed I marvelled at it, for I had told them plainly in the course of communication, that we coveted neither their silver nor gold, nor any thing they had, but the salvation of their immortal souls.

We then got away after a short time very peaceful and comfortable, and rode twenty miles to Greensburg, the capital of Westmoreland. This was a pleasant ride, many miles of it down the side of a river called the Loyal Hannah. We were detained on its bank near one hour before we could cross over, there being many men engaged in repairing the bridge, some of the planks being taken up—however at length we got safe over; my mind comfortable, and the noise of the pike interrupting conversation, there was time to reflect and meditate in silence. My mind was thoughtful on subjects past and present, and feelings were indulged which seemed to form a few lines of some kind of metre, on this wise:

The Loyal Hannah moves along,
  Her rocky bed lies low;
Her murmurs heard not by the throng,
  Her numbers gently flow.

Her course through lofty Chesnut Hill
  Mountains august and grand;
Great ragged rocks their bosom fill,—
  Adore the forming hand.

While slowly riding by her side,
I mark'd her lonely way;
Her lovely name a thought supplied,
Which rous'd the muse to say,

Thou wise and powerful Providence,
Preserve my charge at home;
Oh! stay their minds,—too much propense
From thy good path to roam.

A path the vulture's eye ne'er seen,
Nor lion's whelp e'er trod;
This perfect path has ever been,—
The way that leads to God.

While I encounter hill and dale,
To rough and smooth resign'd;
Preserve me, too, a mortal frail,
Support my feeble mind.

And when thou dost to duty move,
Anoint my eyes to see,
Enlarge my heart in gospel love,
I'll give the praise to thee.

And when the little work 's complete
Thou givest me to do,
May I return my friends to greet,
And faith and strength renew.

28th. Took breakfast before we set out, then rode twelve long miles to Stuard's tavern; felt weary with this ride, the weather being very warm. Here I was brought up again, held another counsel, concluded to turn back several miles and leave the pike, in order to get to a settlement of Friends at a place called Sewickly; a meeting which we had a desire to attend; but having no knowledge of the road, we got some out of the way; indeed it was by far the worst road we have travelled in this journey. W. R. overset his dearborn; Hannah walked, John held up the wagon, and I drove the horses; so we toiled along for some time; at length came to a school-house, and spread information by the scholars and teacher of our intention to be at their meeting next day, which was first-day. We lodged at one Megrew's, making the best of our situation, and were as easy and social as the case would admit. They had three children deaf and dumb; what an affliction!

29th. We have had one more crowded and precious meeting in the woods. Truth rose into dominion and reigned over all. What cause for thankfulness! We walked near one mile to the meeting, to let our horses rest,—returned, took some dinner, were escorted back to the turnpike, and rode twelve miles to Turtle Creek. Thomas Chalfant kept the public house; he was a descendant of Friends; his mother, a member, was there and seemed glad to see us. Here I had warm water taken into the chamber, bathed my aching feet,

and went to bed weary in body, but peaceful in mind; what a favour!

30th. This morning we started for Pittsburg. I rode under great exercise, not knowing what would betide me. We got to the town, and left our horses at a public house kept by a widow woman; went to James Lee's and met with cousin Margaret Marshall. They were all kind and seemed glad to see us; but this did not relieve my poor mind of its exercise. We consulted about having a public meeting next day; but there appeared to be a considerable difficulty, as there had been one meeting held time back that had occasioned some uneasiness: how discouraging! W. Rickman's concern seems confined to those that are members chiefly; mine extends to those without the pale of society also; but weakness was mine, and I thought perhaps it would do to submit to his prospect, which was to have a meeting at six that evening. Accordingly there was a private house prepared, with two large rooms, and invitation given. It was pretty large, the two rooms we occupied were closely stowed, and some at the doors. I had no prospect of relief; for my heart yearned for every class of the people. It occurred to my mind, this is not my meeting, and I may see what tomorrow will bring forth; and while I was secretly reasoning with myself, poor W. R. was wading along in shallow water. Thinks I again, thou would have the meeting this evening, now do the best thou canst, for

I cannot help thee, nor myself neither. But, contrary to my expectation, after he sat down, and a short space of silence and deep conflict ensued, I felt the spring of the everlasting gospel arise with power, to my astonishment, and I relieved my mind to those that were present. The meeting then closed, and we returned to James Lee's to lodge. I must here remark, when we arrived at the inn in Pittsburg, there was a friendly good looking young man just going to mount his horse to go home. He lived in Ohio; and when he found we were going to the Yearly Meeting, he said he would wait until we were ready, and escort us to his house, fifty miles. This was a kind and very acceptable offer to us. His name was Allen Farquhar.

31st. Left Pittsburg this morning,—crossed the Monongahela on a bridge, three-quarters of a mile long; travelled down the side of the Ohio a considerable distance, very bad road; fed our horses, and travelled twenty-six miles this day, with a heavy heart; but reached a good inn. I went to bed early in the evening, with a smart fever, and very dull; tossed about until near midnight, then broke out in a fine perspiration which gave me some relief: but my poor mind has been much tried; there is, however, one sure Source of comfort and consolation; what a favour it is to the weary pilgrim to find it!

9th mo. 1st. Went twelve miles this morning to breakfast, after being sick all night and going to bed

almost supperless; however I held out better than could have been expected. We crossed the beautiful river Ohio, one mile below Steubenville, where we breakfasted—then to Allen Farquhar's, at Richmond, twenty-six miles further, and there lodged.

2d. Had a meeting at Cross Creek; dined at Kinsey Talbert's; visited a very afflicted woman Friend, by the name of Plummer. She had lain a long time with a cancer in her breast. I thought, as I sat by her bedside, she was not far from a resting place from all her trouble; of which I informed her, to her great comfort. We then proceeded on until we arrived at Benjamin Ladd's, near Smithfield, and there lodged.

3d. Had an appointed meeting this morning at Smithfield, a pretty little town; it was large and will be a memorable one to me. It was a time of deep suffering and baptism; but at length life arose and spread over the meeting, to the solemnizing our spirits; and the gospel was preached to the relief of an exercised mind. There were many Friends went with us to dine at Benjamin Ladd's; one of them had the curiosity to inquire if I was an Irish woman; I suppose, because I had quoted some lines from Sarah Grubb. I told her nay,—I was a true American. We rode eight miles this afternoon, the roads very bad, and the hills steep; broke the tongue of our wagon, tied it together with a rope, and in the evening got safe to Mount Pleasant;

then one mile further to our kind friend Jonathan Taylor's, who, with his sprightly wife Ann, made it an agreeable home during the week of the Yearly Meeting.

4th. Went to select meeting. There were many strangers from different Yearly Meetings. Our dear friends Elias Hicks and companion, and Samuel Bettle and companion, made their homes at Jonathan Taylor's also.

5th. Were twice at the old meeting-house, called Short Creek; one of the meetings not very satisfactory, at least to me.

6th. Collected to transact the business of society. There is a wide difference between the opening of this Meeting and the one of which I am a member. Friends have the revision of the Discipline in hand, and the strangers had an invitation to sit with men and women Friends, in a committee capacity; which several of us accepted. I may sum up the chief of the week, with very close attention to meetings for discipline and meetings for worship, besides committees; say from seven or eight o'clock in the morning, until one, two or three in the afternoon; then dine, and return to committees again, until evening. I have had dippings and strippings, and am glad the Meeting is over.

12th. This is first-day morning; the yearly solemnity being ended, we have had some comfortable sea-

sons together; but I have had some very heavy hours through the course of the week, not to be forgotten.—We took an affectionate leave of our friends that stayed behind, and set out with S. Bettle and companion W. Evans, for Concord meeting, which was in part satisfactory. Here we parted, S. Bettle said, in the love of the gospel, as he held my hand,—they being bound for Philadelphia, and we not yet ready. We went to dine with Susanna Lambert, formerly Ferris. In the evening, W. Rickman, who had stayed Mount Pleasant meeting, joined our company again, and brought us some letters from home, which we were pleased to receive.

The wagon was brought to go to Wm. Milhouse's to lodge,—but alas! for us; we had not gone far before the axle-tree broke and down we went—not into the sea—but on the hard ground; the horses behaved well, and we as well as we could. But now what was to be done? Several Friends had collected, and invited us to go with them, all very kind; however, we concluded to put all the baggage into the dearborn, and they towed it along; John led our horses, and we trudged on foot about one mile to James Bailey's, which I thought was the right place.

13th. We were now under the necessity to lay by while the wagon was mended, and concluded to wash our clothes and fit ourselves for travelling again, as we expected to visit the meetings in the Redstone settle-

ment. Many Friends stepped in to see us, as we were detained; and I thought, surely these Friends were not behind the door, when the gift of conversation was distributed; for they were indeed great talkers. John and the Friend at whose house we were, had a tiresome time getting the carriage fitted for travelling again.

14th. This morning we took leave of our kind friends and started for Wheeling, escorted by Josiah Fox and wife. Crossed the river, and I freely bid adieu to Ohio; arrived at Michael Graham's, at Wheeling. There are but two families of Friends in this place;—the meeting was laid down some time back. Some exercise now took hold of my mind about having a meeting. I consulted the company, and it turned in favour of a public meeting in the Methodist meeting-house. It was accordingly appointed that evening, and there was a large collection of different sorts of people. It was a trying season, and I felt ready to sink; but we did the best we could; and I said in my heart after it closed, there has not much been gained, and I hope nothing lost. There was a comfortable quiet spread over us before we separated, and it was after nine before we got to our lodgings; then took some refreshment and thought to retire early, but our friend M. got so well geared for talking, that it was near twelve before we got off. He has a very precious wife, Patience by name, and I thought she must often have to prove the excellent essence and virtue of that name.

15th. After breakfast, proceeded on towards Redstone settlement; our kind friends Michael and Patience Graham accompanied us ten miles; then took leave and returned. We travelled six miles further to Alexander, and fed our horses; then to Washington to lodge; about thirty-five miles this day. We were directed to the best hotel, as they called it, in the place; but it seemed more like a play-house than an inn to accommodate travellers; however, it was too late to seek other lodgings in such a place as this. Our horses were put up and fed, and our supper bespoke, before we discovered much of what was going on. The landlord came to us and told us not to be uneasy; for he saw we were much tried; he also said we should be accommodated with private chambers. After speaking our minds to him freely about the inconsistency of such carryings on, he said he thought there never should be another play acted in his house. We went to bed, but what a night! such a racket until near morning,—we got but little rest or sleep.

16th. Eat little this morning; rode with a deeply tried mind and sorrowful heart toward Redstone; how could it be otherwise, seeing there is so much depravity in the human family! I expect to appoint a meeting to-morrow at Westland, but seem ready to call every thing in question, more especially of doing any good. My feelings were closely tried from different causes. This day's ride will be to me a memorable one. My

heart was full, and its only relief was to pour forth its petitions in secret to that all-sustaining, merciful Helper who forsaketh not in time of deep trouble.

Fraught with sadness, cloth'd with sorrow,
Pensively I move along;
Lord, direct my mind to-morrow,
When I sit amongst the throng.

Scatter all those clouds collected,
Son of righteousness, arise;
Faithful Abra'm was protected,
And supplied with sacrifice.

Thou hast ever yet supported
Those that put their trust in thee;
Oh! my soul, be more devoted,
Love is powerful, grace is free.

Raise the mind from earth to heaven,
Bless with life and length of days;
To accomplish all that 's given,
Do his work and sing his praise.

We met with a very kind reception at our friend William Farquhar's; he had not yet returned from Ohio, but his wife, like a princess, entertained us.

17th. We attended the meeting at Westland. It was large, and I believe owned by the Shepherd of Israel.

At the close there was an ancient Friend seemed to be making her way towards me, with some assistance, as if to speak to me. I also approached her; but, dear me, what a shock it was! "Is it possible!" said I. "Yes, it is," said she, "and is it Rachel?" "Surely," said I, "it is." We saluted each other and shed tears of joy. She was one with whom I spent some of my youthful, very pleasant hours, when the tide of life flowed freely, though several years older than myself, and before the forming hand had made much impression on either of us. She was entirely blind; notwithstanding that, she came several miles to spend the afternoon with me, and talk of things both old and new. I did not know she was in mutability; her name was Martha Grissel.

18th. This day we left our dear friend Hannah Farquhar, and her son Thomas accompanied us to Pike Run meeting, which had been appointed the day before. After dinner, proceeded to Brownsville, and were kindly received by Elisha Hunt and his wife Mary. Here we stayed all night. This town is situated on the banks of the Monongahela river; it is divided by a kind of deep slough, over which there is a bridge, and not the best that ever was erected either. The one part is called Bridgeport, the other Brownsville.

19th. Being first-day, we went to Redstone meeting, which was near enough to walk; had a close prov-

ing season, but after some time of arduous labour I was favoured to get down to the root of life, and strength was mercifully afforded to relieve my mind of its exercise. How needful it is for all, but more especially for those separated for the work of the ministry, to rely alone on that Arm of Power, which only can qualify rightly for any service in his church. Paid a little visit to our friend and acquaintance, Morris Truman and family, but felt little relish for society that evening, and got away as soon as I could. Returned to our lodgings and retired.

20th. Went many miles this morning over a very rough road, to a meeting in the woods, called Centre meeting; now, thought I, there will be but few people here, therefore but little to do; but it proved far otherwise; there was a full meeting, and I believe good ground to work upon, if it was well cultivated, which I laboured to impress the necessity of on their minds. I expected there was not a creature here in the woods that had any knowledge of me; but this was not the case. After meeting several came and spoke to me, and seemed to know me, or thought they did, and so it was wherever we went.

21st. This day went to Sandy Hill meeting, a dismal old house, but pretty well filled. It is sometimes very hard work to raise the dead, without which preaching is vain. I believe it ended to good satisfaction.—

We then proceeded to Uniontown, the capital of Fayette county, and dined at one Bailey's, who with his wife and daughter had been to meeting and kindly invited us home with them. Dinner was over but my trials were not at an end; there was something gathering about me that required wisdom to direct, and not much time to digest it. Our plan was to go eleven miles that afternoon into the mountain to lodge; and we were only waiting a few minutes for a young man from Brownsville to meet us here, and escort us some hundred miles through the mountains to Hopewell. It was a struggle in my mind about a public meeting in this town, which several of them seemed anxious to have, and said they would take all the necessary care to provide a house, and give information. After awhile I came to this conclusion, that they were in the very best of hands, if they would only apply for heavenly food; and perhaps a famine might be the surest means to make them ask for bread. I however pitied them in my heart; but my poverty was so great and my faith so small, that it felt too weighty an undertaking, without clearer light or greater faith. So we rigged up and off we went (poor me with a heavy heart) eleven miles into the Laurel Hill mountain, Brian's inn, and a miserable time we had.

22d. Several of the company concluded this morning we had no business here, but should have stayed at Uniontown. Well, we have to learn by the things that

we suffer. We went eleven miles to breakfast, to the Youghiogany, and twenty miles more to Tomlinson's inn to lodge, making above thirty miles in a very rainy day. After taking some refreshment, we went to our chamber to lodge; there were two beds in it, so Hannah and I each took one. What a variety we have witnessed in this tour! As we observed several rat holes in the room, we left the candle burning; and when it went out, how the vermin began to cut up! they ran first under one bed, then the other,—fought and squealed, and eat several holes in Hannah's bags! What a night it was! We got very little sleep, being afraid after they had devoured all they could get in the room, they would get on the beds and bite us. I had taken some cold, and had a slight fever.

23d. Still poorly; and it continues raining—a hard equinoctial storm. We took breakfast before we ventured out; then rode fifteen miles to Carter's inn and fed our horses; then eleven more to Frankford, a little town in Hampshire county, Virginia, and lodged there. Oh! what wretchedness and misery there is in the human family, for want of attending to that light which has come into the world! but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Since we left Uniontown, we have crossed the Laurel mountain, Little Savage and Big Savage mountains, Negro mountain, and Alleghany mountain, besides the Potomac mountain and many hills.

24th. This day's route would be as hard to describe as any we have travelled. Crossed Potomac river, Little Capen and Big Capen. This river loses itself by running under the mountain, and is called Lost River; but after issuing from under the mountain again, is called Big Capen; this is a great curiosity. We have crossed the south branch of Potomac, have travelled about thirty-five miles through the greatest variety of rocks, rivers, mountains, &c. not describable—however, not by my pen; and the worst roads we have had, at least for so great a distance at once. A hard day's ride! but got late in the evening to a public house, the landlord being a slave-holder. It was trying indeed, John and Hannah being both sick. Well, we are here, and it might be worse; so I feel disposed to look at the best side, if there is any. I went out into the kitchen to help the poor landlady get supper; she seemed disposed to do the best she could for us, but had not help enough. I felt both pity and sympathy for her, and the poor slaves. "What a tyrant is man! how hardened the heart, when he shuts out the tendering influence of Divine love!" Many have been the sensations of my mind in this day's travel. The diversified view that has been presented, has been marvellous indeed; the prospect sometimes would open superbly grand and extensive; sometimes seem all to be closing around us, and the sight extend but a small distance; then again open with amazing beauty and majesty—the towering high and lifted up mountains losing their tops in each

other, and seeming to mingle with the clouds. Here now thought pressed on thought, and struggling for vent resorted once more to the poor muse, and gained some relief through this medium.

Thought, while riding on the margin,
Near Potomac's rocky side,
The wild formation seemed like charging
Human folly, human pride,

To abandon all their idols,
Made of silver, brass or gold,
Varnished wood or polished iron,
Gods that can be bought and sold;

And adore their great Creator,
Who from chaos brought to light
All this wondrous world of nature,
Great and marvellous in my sight.

And methinks I mark contrivance
In this maze and mighty plan;
Such as always bids defiance
To the haughty mind of man.

If pride inspires the mind with notion,
Then ambition fires the soul;
He scales the mountain, ploughs the ocean
Measures space from pole to pole.

Ah ! blind mortal, fall prostrated,
View the works of wisdom round,
Feel His power whose love created
Thee—his glorious praise to sound.

Even through those lofty mountains,
Where the native tribes did dwell,
Drank the pure and crystal fountain,
Simple nature pleas'd them well.

25th. Rode nine miles to breakfast; then seven more to David Lupton's, a kind friend in Virginia, Frederic county. Here we stayed all night, had the carriage washed, greased and smarted up; and felt refreshed in body and mind.

26th. Went to Hopewell meeting; never had quite such a one before; there was close hard service unexpectedly pressed on my mind, unpleasant to the natural part in me: moreover, I knew not that it would pass for gospel; but I thought it might pass for what it was worth, and if it was worth nothing, let it pass for nothing; it cost nobody anything but myself, and me close exercise. I felt best satisfied to spread it before us,—thought likely no one would want to speak to me after meeting; but this was not the case,—we had many pressing invitations, and went to the widow Wood's, the young man's mother that escorted us through the mountains. David Lupton and wife had left their own

meeting to accompany us; they also with many others went to dine with us. We still meet with Friends that seem to know something about us. Doctor John Moore of Philadelphia has a sister settled hereaway.—She and her husband pressed us to go with them; but as the meeting we were going to next day was twelve miles further, we thought best to go six that evening to Samuel Wood's to lodge.

27th. This morning, went to Berkeley meeting; it was a very precious one, owned by the Shepherd of Israel. All that was alive in me bowed in gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Doctor's sister and several other Friends from Hopewell attended this meeting. I trust we were comforted together, and took leave of each other in love. We went to Samuel Howell's to dine, then several miles more to Charlestown, the capital of Jefferson county, Virginia, and there lodged.

28th. Left Charlestown this morning; Samuel Howell went with us for guide. Crossed the Shenandoah river and the Blue Ridge mountain, and dined at Elisha Janney's; then to Waterford, twenty miles, to our kind friends James and Rebecca More's.

29th. Attended Fairfax monthly meeting. What a disposition there is, even among goodly Friends, to be toiling and toiling in shallow water, and taking but lit-

tle; not willing to give it up or launch out into the deep, that their net might be filled! Went to dine with our friends John and Lydia Williams, and spent a pleasant afternoon with our friends, who seemed too kind to us poor creatures. Asa More, an elder and valuable Friend, made one of the company. This is in Loudon county.

30th. This morning, after some conflict, I took leave of our kind friends in this place, and our ancient friend W. Rickman, who had travelled with us for several weeks; he being bound for Baltimore and we for Darby. We crossed the Hatcatkin mountain, travelled thirty miles this day, and got to good quarters.

10th mo. 1st. This day we passed through Adams county and several little towns, and crossed several streams of water. A hard day's journey, forty-four miles to Little York.

2d. Went from York to Columbia, expecting to be at meeting there the next day; but as we were riding towards Wm. Wright's, my mind being inwardly thoughtful, the way seemed to be closing up; when we arrived, John asked if he should unload the carriage. I told him I believed not yet. After dinner, my mind felt most easy to leave, and proceed to Lampeter, to Wm. Gibbons's. So I travelled with a heavy heart; and when we arrived and refreshed ourselves, I received

information of the removal of my second son, Joseph Hunt. It came across me like a flood. He had been poorly before I left home, but I thought he might be better. Oh! what an additional trial to my often proved mind! I now thought of many of the feelings I had during the week of his last illness, of which I then had no knowledge.

3d. Slept very little through the night; about daylight, started for home, and travelled without eating or conversing. Reached home that evening, and found the rest of the family well; for which I desire to be thankful.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JAMES HUNT,

Late of Kingsessing, Philadelphia county, in his last illness, and at his close. He died of pulmonary consumption, 5th month 28th, 1832, in the fifty-third year of his age.

I had been anxious, for some time, to know the state of his mind, as I perceived he was fast hastening towards the final change. But not feeling sufficient evidence that it was my duty to say much, I forbore, until he opened the way himself. After being confined to his bed several days, I went to him, and took him

by the hand to inquire how he was; he, perceiving me to be affected, said, "Don't be concerned about me. I am not afraid of death; not afraid to die, no more than I should be to cross the river." I replied, I am thankful to hear these expressions, and I hope the Lord will be merciful to thee. He exclaimed, "Oh! he has been merciful to me. I have been favoured above thousands; and have thought from the first, this would be my end. I love God above all; and we must all die." At another time, as his brother was sitting with him through the night, he heard him say, "Where shall I begin, or where shall I end, in praising my Maker, for his many favours and mercies to me! I can say as Jacob Lindley did, I would be willing to lay any where, or any how, in gratitude to him." Again, he observed, "Some say the world came by chance; but I can say, it is full of Him, and I can see Him every where, and in other worlds beside." After a little pause he said, "In the world, ye shall have tribulation, but in me, peace."

He appeared at times to be in solemn supplication, and at other times, praising his Creator. The evening before his departure, as we were sitting round his room, he turned toward the right side, then breathed forth, in a low voice, "O Lord, receive my spirit." About four o'clock, one of his brothers heard him say, "I bid my parents and family farewell. They can do nothing for me, nor can I do any thing for them. In a few more years, they must follow, to where moth and rust do not

corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." Much more he expressed in such a low voice as not to be fully understood; but one of his daughters heard him say, "Those that are with me at my decease, may bear witness that I have borne my sufferings with resignation and fortitude, and can praise and glorify my Creator for ever. Amen."

After six o'clock, I went to the bed side, when he grasped my hand, and drew me towards him, then uttered some expressions which I could not distinctly hear—and added, "Be still. It must be so. Dear mother, resign me up, to go and praise and glorify my Redeemer and my God, forever." Then quietly breathed his last in a very short time.

And now I can with reverence say, this is a memorable instance of the matchless mercy and loving kindness of a gracious God to his creature, man. Oh! it was, and is, and ever will remain to be, his own works that can livingly praise him, and his own works only.

29th of 5th mo. 1832.

THOUGHTS IN TIME OF SICKNESS AND AFFLICTION.

How shall my mind retire and rest,
With this load of pensive strains!
The feelings of a mother's breast,
With the afflicted yet remains.

I have often felt thy trouble,
Mourn'd and sympathiz'd with thee,
Put up my petitions double,
When no human eye could see;

While reclining on my pillow,
In the night to take my rest,
Mind as drooping as the willow,
Heart with sorrow much depress'd.

Wave on wave of deep affliction,—
How my anxious thoughts were toss'd!
Matchless mercy with restrictions
Sav'd the soul from being lost.

Stay'd the mind in resignation,
To the heavenly Father's will;
Oh! this was my consolation,
And remains my comfort still.

Oft he prais'd his dear Redeemer,
With a meek and feeble voice;
And as death approached nearer,
Seemed to glory and rejoice.

Now those scenes are past and over,
And the Lord was pleas'd to bless;
May his tender mercy cover
And console thee in distress;

Through this state of sore probation,
Furnish strength to raise above
Every trying dispensation,
On the wings of heavenly love.

He that loves the humble-hearted,
Succours them by night and day:
Never from his children parted,
Always is their staff and stay.

In the world we shall have trouble,
In Him—peace and harmony:
Is not this life like a bubble
On the fluctuating sea?

Youth and aged have diseases,—
Some in health are call'd away;
He can summon whom he pleases,
All, his mandates must obey.

May our lamps be trimm'd and burning,
And our souls redeem'd from sin,
When we find the bridegroom coming,
Meet him joyful—enter in,

Where the righteous live forever,
In the happy realms of peace,
To be separated never
From the joys that do not cease.

PSALM XLII.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." This is the sublime language of the psalmist; and can there be words more descriptive of, and appropriate to our often tried minds? Why then not use them, as they have become our own by present feeling?

How beautiful he has portray'd
The pressure on my spirit made!
There is a cause—that cause is known
To Him that sits upon his throne.

There may a portion be design'd
For me, of suffering yet behind:
Well, he can soothe the troubled breast,—
His glorious presence gives me rest.

He is the friend that can impart
True consolation to the heart;
Yet social minds oppress'd with grief,
Mingled in friendship, feel relief.

This morn I view'd the forest trees,
Erect they stand through every breeze;
Thro' keenest storms and northern blast
The stately oak stands firm and fast.

The sap ascends and verdure shows,
So lately chang'd by frost and snows,—
An emblem of the christian mind
That trusts in God, and feels resign'd.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Addressed to a friend.

When the ties on earth are broken,
Nature whispers, leave the field,
In a language softly spoken,
On the understanding seal'd.

Oh! thou Lord of life and power,
O thou High and Holy One,
Christians trust from hour to hour,
In thy bright immortal Sun;

Deep in reverent silence waiting,
Hence, the mind its strength renew;
Faith and patience compensating,
With instruction how to do.

While the adverse winds are blowing,
Shaking all that can be shook;
Deep in root the soul is growing,—
Hope is by the way a brook.

Disappointment, pain and trial,
Through this short probation state,
Loudly calls for self-denial,
Pleasing prospects to abate.

Well, I know while thus addressing,
  Thy capacious, feeling mind,
Must have pass'd through scenes distressing,—
  But the will must be resign'd.

There are lonely lengthened hours
  Passes silent o'er my head;
Through mercy still my mental powers
  Hunger after heavenly bread.

Providence continues blessing,—
  I desire not to complain;
Food and raiment here possessing,
  Outward comforts to sustain.

May my heart be doubly grateful,
  With increasing age and years;
To each duty known be faithful,
  While the light and life appears.

Wisdom soothes the passive spirit,
  Speaks to the attentive ear;
And the mind may peace inherit,
  While compassion drops a tear.

Was it sympathy and feeling
  Made our blessed Pattern weep?
Pure affection kindly sealing,
  Duties in the mind to keep.

Farewell now, my friend, my brother,
This the appellation still,—
Who my brother, sister, mother?
They that do my Father's will.

THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.

"Heaven gives us friends, to bless the present scene."—
YOUNG.

If friendship's sacred flame goes out,
What then on earth can shine?
That friendship, form'd in minds devout,
Replete with love Divine.

True friendship often cheers the heart,
Where fruits of kindness grow;
It constitutes a pleasing part
Of happiness below.

And we may read in sacred writ,
In princely David's days,
His soul to Jonathan's was knit,
Whose friendship merits praise.

If ointment and perfume rejoice
The heart;—so doth a friend,
As formerly,—and friendship's voice,
To life and vigour tend.

Thy own, nor father's friend forsake,
Was counsel good and wise:
The lapse of time can nothing take
From friendship's pearl or prize.

No selfish views our Pattern had,
But yet he had his friends;
And those with gospel mission clad,
He on his errands sends.

And shall we, in the present day,
Relinquish all our claim
To *Friends?*—the title cast away,
And bear another name?

No:—I'll maintain its sacred right,
While blest with strength of mind:
For they who cast it out of sight,
No great enjoyment find.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

RETIREMENT, VERY PRECIOUS.

PENSIVELY musing, all alone,
A light appear'd and clearly shone,
As emanating from the throne
  Of Him who dwells on high:
Exalted o'er all earthly things,
He opens new and living springs,
Which to the mind refreshment brings,
  And manifests him nigh.

Now this celestial ray of light,
That opens to the mental sight,
And gives a peaceful prospect bright,
  To all that do his will,
With love and life was richly fraught,
And to my recollection brought
Some heavenly lessons Jesus taught,
  His mission to fulfil.

He saw the multitudes, and bless'd
The poor in spirit, and oppress'd,
The mourners too, that were distress'd,—
  The meek he bless'd likewise:

The hungry and the thirsty fed,
The merciful with mercy led,
The pure in heart he bless'd, and said
  Much that might make them wise.

Peace-makers—they are bless'd with peace,
By which their usefulness increase;
And all reviling here will cease,
  When our strong will resigns,
To his pure doctrines, just and true;
And yet among the mass, how few
That do—as they'd have others do,—
  Tho' gospel love enjoins!

Judgment and justiee should take place,
Throughout the noble human race;
For He our secret thoughts will trace;—
  Then bow before his throne,
With minds dispos'd to do his will,
And every duty to fulfil
Religious, moral, civil,—still,
  In public, or at home.

Professing christians should be wise,
And know in heaven their treasure lies;
Small earthly portions then suffice,
  If we still bear the cross;

And if temptations throng, the Light
Will guide our erring reason right,
To find in wisdom's ways delight,
And all beside 's but dross.

Then leave those gilded baits behind,
And with a humble, steady mind,
Seek virtue,—for her votaries find
True happiness and peace.
The immortal soul, pure as the dove,
Will mount on high to God above,
And rest in everlasting love,
Where all its sorrows cease.

CONSOLATION.

Afflictions deep have often tried my mind,
But Light directed to a Saviour kind.
Oh ! then increase my faith, my hope, my joy,
And give that peace the world cannot destroy.
Then in thy holy mountain there shall be
A heart devoted, and oblations free ;
And pure devotion will inspire delight,
Renew our strength, and put the foe to flight.
Thy mercies, Lord, one half have not been told—

Thy Son reveal'd, deep mysteries t' unfold,
Clear as the river issuing from the throne,
With streams of life, to sordid minds unknown.
This tree of life, whose fruits and leaves still bear
Pure healing virtue for each mind to share.
This world contains not treasure then for me
To set my mind upon,—the will is free
To serve our Lord, our King, who laid the plan,
And gives himself to save his creature man.
He pours his precious life into the soul,
Which governs gently and subdues the whole:
Our passions and desires due limits know,
Our cup is fill'd and oft does overflow.
Who then shall separate us from his love?
Shall heights or depths, things past or present move?
No,—we were made to glorify his name,
By which redemption and salvation came.

3d mo. 17th, 1833.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh! suffer me once more to write,
And ventilate the rising thought;
As free expression brings to light,
The matter with which mind is fraught.

How far and wide the spreading pest
Of worldly wisdom and applause,
Is marching through from east to west,
To nullify God's righteous laws!

What can be done? the suff'ring soul
Learns patience,—leaning on his breast,—
In faith his power will yet control,
And in this confidence is rest.

For while he governs on his throne,
The heart-felt sigh assails his ear;
He feels the deep unutter'd groan,
And sees the pensive falling tear,

Shed for his cause; and if we mourn,
And with its suff'ring, suffer too,
The cross to self, if humbly borne,
Sweet streams of comfort will ensue.

I've seen the spring with verdant shoots,
With flowers and blossoms sweet and gay;
The golden harvest crown'd with fruits,
To cheer the trav'ler on his way.

But autumn soon approaches fast,
And stormy clouds and frost are seen;
And yet through these and winter's blast,
There's here and there an evergreen.

And Oh! may we by saving grace,
  Retain a greenness to the end;
His universal love embrace,
  Whose arms of mercy wide extend.

SPRING.

How beautiful the spring appears!
  The fields and meadows cloth'd in green;
The little songsters charm our ears,
  Gay flowers and blossoms sweet are seen.

The face of nature all renew'd,
  According to God's wise design;
Will he his children then preclude
  The offer of his love benign;

Distilling on the soul as dew,
  Or showers celestial, to revive
The humble mind with favours new,
  To keep the heavenly seed alive.

O Lord of mercy, love and power,
  Dispose the mind to trust in thee,
In every trying, proving hour,
  When cloth'd with want and poverty.

And death and darkness hover round,
And many creeping things appear,
That would, if possible, confound
Thy voice that once appear'd so clear.

Oh! cause thy light again to shine
Around, as bright as perfect day,
To save the soul, for it is thine,
And keep all hurtful things away.

May all adore, may all admire
Our Universal Parent's care,
To humble man and then inspire,
And bring him to a state of prayer.

When poor and needy, he will hear,
Compassionate their sighs and save,
And wipe away the falling tear,
And give the viet'ry o'er the grave.

5th mo. 1834.

EFFUSIONS OF A SORROWFUL HEART.

See the swelling buds abound—
  See the animated flower—
Hark, the blue bird's warbling sound,
  But where is their pleasing power?

This delight seems vail'd from me,—
  Nothing but the inward life,
That can make the spirit free,
  And preserve from tongues of strife,

Can support the tried mind,
  Furnish patience every day,
With a will to be resign'd,
  And a spirit taught to pray.

Nothing can redeem the soul,
  But thy precious love divine;
Nothing can the waves control,
  But that powerful voice of thine.

It can bend the sturdy oak,
  And lay low the cedars tall,
Make the lofty mountains smoke,
  And break down the middle wall.

Marvellous are all thy ways,
  Great and powerful King of kings!
Inspiration speaks thy praise,
  Yes—and all created things.

All thy works with wisdom shine,
  Human pride alone depart
From thy holy law divine,
  Plac'd within the inward part.

Oh! if some are so unwise,
  As to slight thy mercy shown,
Open, Lord, their blinded eyes,
  Soften down their hearts of stone.

Draw them with thy cords of love,
  Dig about them one more year,
Such compassion from above,
  Surely will make fruit appear.

Faith and hope is great support,
  And thy presence sweetly calm,
Unto thee I will resort,
  There I find the healing balm.

There I feel my soul at rest,
  Storms may rise and tempests blow,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast,
  His preserving power I know.

While sitting alone and keeping silence, some views instructively opened as follows:

LET THOSE THAT READ UNDERSTAND.

THERE is a Power supreme on high,
With light and knowledge to impart;
There is a serpent too, that's nigh,
With bait and snare, and subtil art.

His enmity would bruise the heel,—
Ah! but the Seed can bruise his head;
A sword that's quick, sharper than steel,
Can lay him harmless as the dead.

There is an armour and a shield,
With which we wrestle through the night;
When day appears, he quits the field,
His works are manifest in light.

In light the faithful safely walk,
Believing God is nigh at hand;
Truth's testimonies will not balk,
Nor raise their building on the sand;

But on the chosen Rock that's sure,
Which through all ages stands the test,
Elect and precious, 't will endure,
On which with confidence we rest.

And though the serpent may assail,
He has no power but what we give ;
His cunning will not much prevail,
Where truth and justice always live.

There is a Principle of life
And love extends through all, to save
From cruel passion prone to strife—
And give dominion to the brave,

And noble faculties of soul,
To rise superior into power,
Rough human nature to control
Its pride and disposition sour.

How much I crave, the human race
Would know themselves, and deeply feel,—
Reject the wrong—the right embrace,
Which God in mercy does reveal.

He does not force, but stands the friend
Of all that love him and obey;
His mercy and forgiveness tend
To furnish hope from day to day.

There's faith, there's hope, there's charity;
Alas ! too few these virtues know !
The souls in union with the three
Detect and vanquish every foe.

The peaceful mind then free from strife—
The soul immortal fill'd with love,
Has foretaste of an endless life,
And leaves the world for joys above.

2d mo. 1st, 1835.

SAFETY IN TRYING SEASONS.

The streams of sympathy and love—
Are they congeal'd, and cease to flow?
Ah ! no : that crystal Fount above
No chilling blast will ever know.

It open stands,—for every soul
That is dispos'd to wash therein ;
'Tis pure, and would self-will control,
With all that leads to pride and sin.

But weak and frail, and loth to part
With that which will the passions please,
We pierce each other to the heart,
And thereby spread a dire disease.

Wisdom Divine, in my distress,
Direct me how to act, and do—
No superficial righteousness
Will purchase peace, or strength renew.

There's many eyes now open wide,
And many itching ears to hear:
What is there, save the heavenly Guide,
Can thro' the tumult safely steer,

And no occasion give to those
Who willingly occasion take?
Increase my faith, still to repose
In suffering for the gospel's sake.

If worldly friendship's stain'd in view,
And all its painted pictures end,
A Principle that's just and true
Will stand the humble christian's friend.

That heavenly spark within the breast,
If not extinguish'd, lights the way,
And soothes the mind with grief oppress'd,
While pent within this house of clay.

Our days and months, and years,—how fleet!
Forever gone—not to return!
But soon shall kindred spirits meet,
Where incense sweet will ever burn.

8th mo. 28th, 1835.

TO A FRIEND.

SHALL I again my feeble pen employ,
To check the rising sigh, replete with grief?
For sorrow would usurp the seat of joy,
And steal upon it as a midnight thief.

Still brooding round, with sable wings outspread—
Now when declining years and vigour fail,
Sustain, O Lord, if not alone by bread,
Increase my faith,—thou knowest I am frail.

For, in the exercise of faith is found
True substance, and the soul on substance lives:
This precious gift with victory is crown'd,
Its wonder-working power such virtue gives.

Through tribulations here we press our way,—
Will not these trials qualify for bliss?
If in the nothingness of self we lay,
His dispensations cannot come amiss.

'Tis good in patience to possess the soul,
When wave on wave of deep afflictions rise;
We cannot stem the tide, nor wind control,—
In watchfulness and prayer true safety lies.

Dost thou, dear friend, anoint with oil of joy?
  Refresh'd with streams of comfort every day?
Nothing transpire that can thy peace annoy?
  Nor worldly disappointment cross thy way?

No sympathetic feeling move thy mind?
  No word of counsel or advice to give?
Or has an enemy been so unkind,
  To scatter tares? and must they grow and live?

In proving seasons, I have thought the time
  Might yet arrive when we should social meet:
An interchange of sentiment 's no crime,
  And cheerful conversation is a treat.

But silent thou—there's not a line of late—
  And will these find thee on the King's best steed?
Or will they find thee sitting at his gate?
  There for thy friend and people intercede.

That hap'ly there may be deliverance found,—
  This land is with iniquity o'erspread;
Those once with friendship's golden braces bound,
  Have broke the bands—to other lovers fled;

And left the mournful few with faithful mind,
  To wait on God, who will their strength renew;
His presence to no local place confin'd,
  But every where and every morning new.

Yes;—every where the mind may be inspir'd,
And sweet devotions warm the humble heart;
And gratitude enlarge the soul retir'd,
To seek that knowledge wisdom will impart.

Goodness Divine in mercy still would save,
And free us from the fell deceiver's power,
Whose subtle grasp seems awful as the grave;
But truth is refuge strong—a mighty tower.

May we experience this now in decay—
The body freed from pain will rest in earth,
The soul immortal mingles not with clay,
But mounts a spirit pure, of heavenly birth.

10th mo. 22d, 1835.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

The heavenly mind will wing its way
Above the bounds of worldly sway,
To regions of celestial day,—
The mansion of the just,—
Prepar'd for those that love the light,
That wash their robes and make them white,
And in the law of God delight,
And to his mercy trust.

My soul adores that Power divine
That on the humble heart doth shine;
Redemption is its grand design;
Though comprehended not.
What gratitude of heart is due
To him whose faithfulness is true,
And mercies every morning new,
There's none by him forgot!

His laws through all creation roll,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
His eye propitious views the whole,
And all his work surveys:
Heaven is his throne—proclaim it far,
The earth his footstool—wind his car—
Yet man's strong will his work may mar,
And rob him of his praise.

But after all that can be said,
'Tis faith must save and raise the dead,
Or bruise the subtle serpent's head,
And close the lion's jaws.
Talent and science may proclaim
Orations popular, with fame,—
And eloquence obtain a name,
Forget not then his claws.

In reverent silence safety find,
Temptation first assails the mind,

All may resist, if so inclin'd,
And witness preservation:
He knows his sheep—they hear his voice,
And freely follow him of choice,
Denying self, take up the cross,
And in him find salvation.

1st mo. 5th, 1836.

"Song soothes our pains; and age has pains to soothe."—YOUNG.

THE simple effusions of my pensive heart,
Arise and press through my lips softly;
Spontaneous they flow and some feelings impart,
That would move the high-minded and lofty.

Oh! Goodness Supreme, may I ever adore,
And worship in spirit sincerely;
On wings of pure love, above earth let me soar,
To enjoyments I long have lov'd dearly.

The eye that can see, and the ear that can hear
The voice of pure Wisdom, still charming;
To give us the knowledge of good, ever near,
And the power of deception alarming:

The Anointing that teaches will nicely discern,
The source of each motion arising;
Was the rational family willing to learn,
Reform would take place most surprising.

If the will was subjected and fairly laid down,
Sweet peace to the soul would be lasting;
The faithful, the righteous inherit the crown,
Reward for true prayer and fasting.

Suppose now I write thee one view of my mind,
The sorrowful view of society,
Thou may think thy friend both unfeeling and blind,
To discover so little true piety.

This may be the case, but some fruits still appear
Ill-favour'd, sour-tasted, flat savour:
Not lively, substantial, the best life to cheer,
Nor sweetness to leave a good flavour.

There seems to me every thing else but the right,—
There's planning, contriving and choosing;
Self loves to be active, with talent so bright,
To many spectators amusing.

But why now disturb my dear friend with such views,
When his may be pleasant and cheering?
My heart wanted vent,—wilt thou please to excuse
My freedom of speech without fearing?

Wilt thou think this is satire? I think it is true,
According to present impression:
For what is the course that so many pursue,
Compar'd with our christian profession?

It was under the law the prophet express'd,
"Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly:"
Can christian believers think this but a jest,
And trample on order that's comely?

But if there is hope, may I hope to the end,
And offer up living oblation;
May Jehovah arise, his cause to defend,
And we find a safe humble station:

Secure from the archers, their arrows and noise,
Diffusing through air some contagion,
If taken, may stifle (altho' they gain applause)
The spark of Divine emanation.

Farewell, till I see thee, though that never may be,
Uncertain is this stage of action:
On reflection, I think that our notes would agree,
And that is no small satisfaction.

2d mo. 18th, 1836.

SOLILOQUY IN A PROVING SEASON.

Where is the God that thou hast known?
  Has he withdrawn himself from view,
And left his workmanship alone?
  Oh! no: his mercy's daily new.

He's over all, and in us all,
  He fills all space, to all a friend,—
Takes notice if a sparrow fall,
  Sees from beginning to the end.

Our secret thoughts all open lie,
  No cover can evade his sight;
His gracious penetrating eye
  Compassionates us day and night.

He will appear and comfort give,
  His presence will my wants supply;
And if I serve him while I live,
  He will receive me when I die.

My faith in his Almighty power,
  And resignation to his will,
May succour in the solemn hour,
  When death his office shall fulfil.

These awful seasons here, take place,
The dearest earthly friends must part;
The lot of all the human race,
However wound about the heart.

And when this precious soul must leave
Its long afflicted house of clay,
With open arms of love receive,
To rest in everlasting day;

Where all the host of heaven meet,
Before the great Jehovah's throne,
Ascribing power in praises sweet,
To him whose glory round them shone.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND WHO REQUESTED SOME ORIGINAL LINES.

Mark the flowers, fresh and blooming,
Fraught with sweetness in the spring;
Modest beauties unassuming,
Always admiration bring.

Prudence join'd with female beauty,
Wisdom too, with prudence dwell;
Graceful manners with each duty,
Act and move in concert well.

View the portrait, dear young sister,
Cultivate thy youthful mind;
There will be a pleasing mixture,
Where these virtues are combin'd.

DEVOTIONAL FEELINGS.

I SINK down as nothing before thee—having no might of my own. In thy own time and power, thou raisest me up and settest me on high, and replenishest my soul with good, in the multitude of thy mercies.—Then I go down again and again, with my mouth as in the dust. If I take the scriptures of truth in my hand to read, in order to be instructed, I understand not what I read, and close the book again.

I can sometimes sit silent and meditate on thy goodness and mercy. It is an unspeakable favour to be still and retired in spirit, and with a grateful heart secretly return thee praise and thanksgiving.

I look around on creation with astonishment, and exclaim, O Lord, remember thy poor creatures, the workmanship of thy hands.

MEMORANDUMS.

3d month 28th, 1837. A heavenly meeting to-day; witnessed the resurrection of life, so that there was no more room for desire. It was the monthly meeting, and entering on the business with a mind solemnized, got through with satisfaction.

10th mo. 9th and 10th. Our Quarterly meeting was a favoured one, I thought. We had several strangers, and it seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened to shower down a blessing. Oh! may we be grateful for the many blessings and favours we receive.

11th mo. 25th. My meeting to-day not easy to be described, nor soon to be forgotten. I seemed to be deprived of almost every thing,—visible or invisible; a state of nearly total cessation of all things;—even thought made its escape, for I found no ability to think; the mind seemed void and without form for some time, I know not how long: but at length a ray of light arose, and thought with it returned, and a query ran through my mind (for I then again found I had mind) Was not this total cessation the very image of death? for the thought arose, Am I in the body or out of it? But as

life came into action, spiritual life, I evidently found it was not a dormant principle; for I felt and saw the beauty, excellency and dignity, with the holiness also of genuine spiritual worship: meeting together for the most solemn act the rational soul can ever perform,—waiting in the silence of all flesh,—ceasing from our own works, willings and runnings, preaching, or praying, or singing of psalms, in our own will, wisdom or contrivance. In this patient waiting state, we receive power from on high to worship in spirit and in truth. Here now there is a ceasing from self, which is evil, and learning to do well.

12th mo. 1st. I have been renewedly made sensible this morning, that the preparation of the heart is of the Lord;—and my aspiration is, "Search me, O Lord, and try me; and if there be iniquity in me, do thou it away." In this disposition, we are willing to forgive all injury, as we hope to be forgiven. But if this preparing power is rejected, the heart will grow harder, and must land in a sorrowful state.

A comfortable day—witnessed a sabbath of rest, where there was perfect peace and harmony,—no vacancy remained, all was full and complete,—not a wish or desire or concern could I find in this state of happiness,—no noise, trouble, or sorrow, and free from all the cares and concerns of life. While enjoying this precious silence, some testimonies were borne; they

might be suitable, perhaps, but I had no desire to be moved from my position to attend to any thing from without, therefore not so capable of judging; the spiritual atmosphere appeared clear and pure: but while in this silent waiting state, a small cloud appeared, like a man's hand, pointing towards the people, and the language arose with some life and power to communicate,—"Lord, visit them with the day spring from on high, that they may also be brought to this glorious sabbath of rest; to rest from all the willings and runnings of the creature; and that the Lord might spare his people, and give not his heritage to reproach, for why should the heathenish nature rule over them."

ASPIRATIONS.

PRESERVE my soul, thou mighty Mind,
That it may more united be,
And no inferior object find,—
For all the living trust in thee.

I thank thee for the felt desire,
To dwell serene and peaceful here;
But strange and novel things transpire,
That almost move my mind with fear.

For mind and body seem diseas'd,
When sorrow wounds the tender breast;
O Love Supreme, wilt thou be pleas'd
To soothe the toiling mind to rest.

We often toil, and toil in vain,
Without thy holy presence near,
To bless the bread that will sustain
Through all our varied trials here.

When wave on wave may foam and roar,
And cause the fearful heart to fill;
Proclaim thy voice as heretofore,
When all was calm'd with "Peace, be still."

12th mo. 31st, 1837.

May all my steppings through time furnish evidence that my confidence and dependance is on that Arm of Power which hitherto hath sustained and supported me through many deep baptisms and sore trials, up to the present day; and shall I now, the few succeeding moments of time allotted me in this state of probation, let go my hold on Him that hath all power in heaven and earth, and can save to the very uttermost all those that put their trust in him, and him alone?

My soul cannot feed on the experience of others;—it can only be satisfied with the food that comes from thy own bountiful hand, O Lord, and which thou withholdest not in the time of need.

REFLECTIONS IN THE COOL OF THE DAY.

WHERE'ER I cast my eyes around,
Thy glorious, powerful work is seen;
In pious minds it will be found,
And crown in age with laurels green.

O MIGHTY MIND, thy goodness great
Has never yet one half been told;
Nor can my falt'ring tongue relate
The riches that thy grace unfold.

Thy blessed works conspire to fill
The heart with gratitude and love;
The light makes manifest thy will,
Reveals thy wisdom from above.

Sun, moon and stars thy power proclaim,
Perform their office to thy praise;
Earth, air and seas spread far thy name,
Justice and mercy mark thy ways.

Each day and night succeeds in place,
  Seed-time and harvest have supplied
Food for thy noble human race,
  Nor thy salvation been denied.

Could heart desire more than is given,
  Or freely offer'd to our choice?
Earth's produce and the peace of heaven,—
  There's cause to thank thee and rejoice.

Fine fruits, and flowers, and views combine
  To please the taste, the smell, the sight;
These gifts are from thy hand Divine,
  Affording lawful, just delight.

The fragrant lilies scent the air,—
  We catch the aromatic breeze;
And Solomon could not compare
  In all his glory like to these.

The feather'd tribe stretch forth the wing,
  And cheerful flit from tree to tree;
Thy power gives energy to sing,
  And tune their notes melodiously.

Thy whole creation teems with life,
  Their various wants by thee supplied;—
Thy power will put an end to strife,
  And lay in dust all human pride.

All's beautiful without,—but why
  This sigh should rise to heave my breast?
I fear thy life imprison'd lies,
  And thy commandments are transgress'd.

For where the baneful love of power
  Has gain'd ascendance in the mind,
The brow that truth would smooth will lower,
  And mar the happiness design'd.

Oh! passion, fatal to the peace
  Of thousands, and ten thousands more!—
Where love and harmony increase,
  Freedom and kindness move before.

With heavenly blessings from above,
  And earthly comforts here below,
The heart should feel, with tender love,
  Compassion for the child of woe.

May grace yet more and more abound,
  Invincible in power to stand;
Justice and mercy dealt around,
  Would move oppression from the land.

ADDRESS.

In prose, verse, or hymn, I can praise thee alone;
And who will dare judge the foundation is sand?
In mind and in person unlike we must own,
But to our own Master we fall or we stand.

The psalmist and prophet indulg'd in this strain;
Poetic their writings, and are not condemn'd.
If modern disciples should think it is vain,
I've no disposition with such to contend.

The weak and the strong, the wise or refin'd,
Will sometimes indulge in what pleases them best,
If moral and lawful: thy Law is design'd
To stand as a beacon, and point us to rest.

Thy goodness sustains us, pure faith will befriend,
Hope lightens the burden and anchors the mind;
And as light increases, and visions extend,
The eye becomes clear that was partially blind.

Thou Shepherd of Israel, Oh! gather thy flock,
And lead to green pastures where waters are still;
Preserve them in safety, secure on the rock,
Those who in obedience resign to thy will.

2d mo. 7th, 1838.

MEMORANDUM.

2d mo. 8th, 1838. Yesterday I was engaged in unfolding some of my views and feelings to a dear friend, in a letter;—went to bed early in the evening, and slept sweetly until about two this morning; when the image of death, sleep, departed entirely from me, and left me in the enjoyment of real life. During which time, the souls of the rational family, and especially those of my dear children and offspring, became so preciously near and dear to my best life, that I thought, clothed upon with my then feelings, I could be willing to lay down my natural life, if it would be the means of their salvation.

LINES, DESCRIPTIVE OF A SORROWFUL HEART.

Addressed to a friend.

Where shall I rest this aching head?
The tide of life is ebbing low:
Shall I be number'd with the dead,
Before my sorrows cease to flow?

O heavenly Father, now sustain
My deeply tried and humbled mind:
To thee alone let me complain,
For I have always found thee kind.

Thy face in vain I never sought,
My suppliant soul be pleas'd to hear;
And Oh! preserve in word and thought,
And keep me in thy holy fear,

Till all these bitter cups are past,
And my poor languid spirit rise;
How long will this deep baptism last?
Can neither sighs nor tears suffice?

The soul sincere thou wilt not leave,
It may on thee its burden cast,—
Thou never, never, didst deceive,
But wilt sustain it to the last.

And though thou hide thy face awhile,
That faith and patience may be tried;
Thou wilt return again and smile,
And in thy goodness I confide.

Oh! may the christian spirit reign,
And rule and govern all below;
Its peaceful principle maintain,
And fruits of justice ever show:

That there may be no blemish brought,
To hurt the cause I love so dear;
With sorrow's pangs my heart is fraught,
I tremble for myself and fear.

The weeds seem wrapt about my head,
Down to the bottom I must go;
Baptiz'd in spirit for the dead,—
May they the resurrection know.

Sweet sympathy of faithful friends,
United in the life Divine,
Communicates and strength extends
In nice sensations pure and fine,

Which human art cannot descry:
  This way no lion's whelps have trod,
Nor is it seen by vulture's eye,
  But plain and clear—cast up by God.

With barley-loaves and fishes blest,
  I gather'd fragments, stor'd them by;
The safe deposit was my breast,
  And he that blest them too, was nigh.

They rise before my mental view,
  With invitations for repast:
He condescends to bless anew,
  Whereby the soul no longer fasts;

But finds a place for secret prayer;
  And being in his presence brought,
The light discovers every snare
  That so ingeniously is wrought.

My heart was full; but some relief
  Is gain'd through medium of my pen:
A faithful friend assuages grief,
  Though it resumes the seat again.

To crave the prayers of the just,
  Seems rational, and may avail;
But more than all in God to trust
  Will surely never, never fail.

THE WEARY MIND WANTS SUBSTANCE.

I'm weary with such toilsome busy schemes;
They seem like floating visionary dreams.
I long for substance, firm on holy ground—
Pass over Jordan, and it may be found.
Some good historians say 'tis fertile land,
Abounds with plenty—not like desert sand—
A land that's water'd with celestial showers,
Refresh'd in season, blest with peaceful hours.
Here matchless mercy sends his Israel aid,
And soon the vengeance of their foes is stayed.

GRATEFUL RETROSPECTION.

I now remember scenes of youthful days,
When Providence propitious mark'd my ways;
His arm of power and precious love Divine,
Was safeguard for me in a world of crime.
And but for this where had my lot been cast?
Far in the wilderness, and doomed to fast.

The potsherds of the earth together strive,
And adding fuel, keep the flame alive:
But those who're gather'd to a state of peace,
Will bear and forbear, and their love increase.

DIVINE CONSOLATION.

I FOUND Him and lov'd Him, in youth and in age,
Have prais'd him by day and by night;
He fed me and cloth'd me in each trying stage,
And now is my chiefest delight.

DIVINE TRUTH IS SAVING.

No words or books the sinful soul can save,
Or raise the dead that lies within the grave:
There must be life and power, or all is vain,
The life must quicken, and the power sustain.

MEMORANDUMS.

Comforted and edified by a visit from a dear friend; and it brought to my remembrance the sentiment of an ancient philosopher, which, from the evidence of its truth, I have made my own: "One friend is helpful to another in all cases, as well in prosperity as affliction. We receive comfort even at a distance from those we love."

Brought again into trial: O Father—heavenly Father—support and stay me through all to the end, that nothing may transpire to hurt thy glorious cause, of which I have been a feeble advocate.

Preserve me from the snares of death,
That I may in thy presence dwell;
And praise thee with my every breath,
And of thy loving kindness tell.

TO NAOMI M'ILVAINE,

After the death of her precious parents.

THINK'ST thou, Naomi dear, I can portray
On paper, half the feelings of my mind,
For those I dearly lov'd—remov'd away?
How hard to be in every case resign'd!

But may thy heart be warm'd with pure desire,
To hear the voice of wisdom point the way;
And from the thoughtless multitude retire,
Which often lead the youthful mind astray.

No father's counsel now, nor mother's care,
To guard thee through the slippery paths of youth,
But ah! there's One that sees thee every where,
And will befriend the child that loves the truth.

A Father to the fatherless is he,
And I have found him too, the widow's friend;
Secure in his pavilion thou may'st be,
If love and virtue guide thee to the end.

And now, farewell; I soon shall pass away,
  And leave this fluctuating scene below,
To join those spirits in the realms of day,
  Where love and joy and praises ever flow.

ASPIRATIONS AND DESIRES.

O Love Supreme, support my mind,
  In winter, and on sabbath days:
Thy power, thy virtues, are design'd
  For strength to fast, to pray and praise.

And they that ask aright receive,
  And if they find, they will rejoice;
To taste and see, and then believe,—
  As agents free they make their choice.

There's good and evil in the land;
  The seed of life and death also:
Keep, O my soul, the first command,
  That life may through thy vessel flow.

This world was pleasant once to me,
  But youthful ardour pass'd away;
The eye of faith rejoic'd to see,
  The glory of an endless day.

The foretaste of that happy state,
Seal'd by impressions on the mind,
No tongue nor language can relate—
So pure, so peaceful, gentle, kind.

Enamour'd with this heavenly view,
Arise, shake off the earthly dust;
The straight and narrow path pursue,
And in His name and mercy trust.

Counsel is thine, and wisdom sound;
What school, or college, could supply
The knowledge that with thee is found?—
To know ourselves, and live, and die.

But ah! the mind—the human mind—
Prone to forget, and to aspire,
To please the passions much inclin'd,
And gratify the vain desire.

To take the morning's pleasant wings,
And flee to forms—can shadows save?
Thy spirit teacheth wiser things,
A preparation for the grave.

Oh! keep me humble, keep me low,
That when into thy presence brought,
My heart replete with love may glow
With gratitude in word and thought.

And, with the christian armour bright,
  Thy all-sustaining gift of grace,
Put every enemy to flight,
  Then find in truth a resting place,—

Where neither noise nor mixture cloy
  The element serene and clear;
No fog nor vapour to alloy,
  In silence wait and worship here.

MEMORANDUM.

I HAVE often felt, when going to meeting and at home also, so poor that I have said to myself, Surely I shall never speak again in the name of the Lord! Yet in this poor, dependent waiting state, I have felt the love, light and life rise into dominion, and go over all death and darkness; and then I could say, "Oh death, where is thy sting? and O grave, where is thy victory?"

Precious are the feelings and great the joy, when the light of life shines upon the understanding, illuminating and quickening the immortal spirit.

SOME THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS

Arising at different times in the mind.

THOU perfect, pure, Almighty One,
To whom my every praise is due;
Thy light, and life, and blessed Son,
My stay and staff, and counsel too.

Oh! heavenly Guest, thy love divine,
Thy presence, joy and comfort give;
Let me conform my will to thine,
And in thy favour hope to live.

With heart devoted to thy cause,
Preserve me calm and sound in mind;
To judge consistent with thy laws,
According to the fruit I find.

Thy wisdom instruments prepare,
That feel the sufferings left behind;
In silent patience bear their share,
Thus fill the place for them assign'd.

Sustain my soul, thou Mighty Mind,
That I thy presence may enjoy;
Without thee, earthly pleasures bind
To that which would the life destroy.

Though human nature fail and will decay,
Its organs weaken and will die away;
Yet I believe the pure immortal mind
Has organs of a far superior kind,
That bring intelligence of love Divine,
Unite the good and in its glory shine.

The soul requires enjoyment that's sublime,
By earth unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

RESIGNATION.

Let me, as David did, by measure pour
My feelings forth profound, and my desire
To love the Lord and sing his praises more,
In purer strains than psalt'ry, cymbal, lyre.

This mortal body hastens to decay,
May my immortal spirit closely cleave
To Power, that can inspire from day to day,
With resignation, all on earth to leave.

How many precious ties remov'd away!
Those that are left, and all I have are thine;
'Tis by thy providence, I longer stay,
And still revere thy merciful design.

Thy works with admiration meet my sight,
The fields and forests, richly cloth'd in green;
The meadows, flowers, and fruitful trees delight;
But has my heart sufficient grateful been?

Eden's descriptive garden comes in view,
To dress and keep it, is the strict command;
Its privilege, its trees, and serpent too,
Need watchful care, if I expect to stand.

Oh! then, increase my patience, faith and light,—
For these have stood the test in ages past,
Through these the enemy is put to flight,
Through these is gain'd the victory at last.

8th mo. 6th, 1838.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Retir'd and sitting down to rest,
Some pure impressions warm'd my breast,
With love and friendship too;
And good desires for all—for thee;
So hand and mind and pen agree,
To ask how thou dost do?

Does gospel love enlarge thy heart,
And make thee willingly impart
Counsel with vocal sound?
Pursuade with all the strength of sense,
And with the charms of eloquence,
Divide the word around,

With love and life, and power Divine,
Which also sweetly must combine,
To reach the grov'ling soul,

And meliorate the callous heart;
Then wine and oil may heal the smart,
When tears of sorrow roll.

Then keep the faith,—trust and confide
In Him who all thy wants supplied,
And kept thee through thy youth;
For his exalted cause to stand,
An instrument at his command,
To spread the gospel truth.

May his devoted children praise
His name, and thus their voices raise,
To advocate His cause,
Who fills our barns with plenteous store,
And in his blessing, blesses more
Those that obey his laws.

How Truth adorns! what rays of light,
Wisdom divine pours on the sight
Of them that her embrace!
Her converse mild, sweet and sincere,
Her counsel safe, her doctrines clear,
She beautifies with grace.

For He from whom all good must flow,
Can form a paradise below,
And fit the soul for heaven;

But human science, power or art
Cannot command the smallest part,
  Of grace that's freely given.

The will is free, and life may choose,
And also freely may refuse
  The saving gift of grace,
That would redeem out of the fall;
'Tis freely offer'd unto all
  The noble human race.

No power but love's endearing charm,
Can save the soul from fear or harm,
  And give it lasting peace:
Oh! then the captive mind, set free,
Enjoys the sweets of liberty,
  And faith and hope increase.

But cease, my muse, the pen lay down,
For heaven will the conquest crown,
  And waft safe to the shore,
Where all the troubles that arrest
And pierce the tender feeling breast,
  Can ne'er afflict it more.

"Heaven wills our happiness, allows our doom,
Invites us ardently, but not compels."—YOUNG.

TIME WELL EMPLOYED PRODUCES PEACE.

Resume the pen, and rouse the pensive muse,
And let not apathy the task refuse,
The present fleeting moments to engage,
And war perpetual with wrong passions wage.
Guard well the avenues that lead to mind,
And negative each thought unless refin'd.
The proceeds of the unsubjected will,
With discontent the peaceful breast may fill.
Reflect on years and months, and time gone by,
That faith and hope with patience may supply;
Number his blessings, and proclaim his praise,
Whose mercy lengthens with the length of days;
And, with the mind unfetter'd, meditate
Upon his glorious works and wonders great.
His whole creation, marvellous to view,
Still strikes the intellect with something new.
But admiration rushing on, the thought
Soon finds the power of comprehension short.
When on my pillow, wakeful in the night,
A glittering host attracts my outward sight;
While through the window I direct my eye,
And view them sparkling, twinkling, passing by;
With matchless beauty, southward move amain,
Pleiades, Orion, and the starry train.

How grand yon shining orbs move round the pole,
Far north,—yet heaven's King directs the whole.
Now mark the order—soon the day-light breaks,
And drowsy creatures from their slumber wakes.
The sun displays such brilliant rays of light
As puts the midnight darkness all to flight;
The beauties of the present world reveals,
The forests, meadows, and the fruitful fields;
Regales the senses all with new delight,
The hearing, tasteing, smelling, touch and sight.
Oh! may the holy Spirit more revive,
And keep the inward senses all alive:
The soul immortal then will not decay,
Though human nature fail and die away.
Wilt thou, O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Unseal the fountain, open living springs,
To cheer the dreary wilderness when sad,
And make the solitary places glad?
In thirsty lands, when living water flows,
The desert buds and blossoms as the rose.
It was thy power preserv'd thy prophet, when
In Babylon they cast him in the den;
The lions' mouths were shut, because in him
Was innocency found without a sin.
So keep thy faithful children every where,
Protect from dangers and each hidden snare.

HAVING freely partaken of the bounties of kind Providence, the delicious fruit of the well cultivated garden, my mind was secretly arrested and turned within to search the garden of my own heart, with desires to dress it and keep it; that the heavenly dispositions of his own right hand planting might be cultivated, and produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness in this probationary state. Ah! what a view would be opened to the enlightened mind, relative to the gradual growth and order of Truth, in leading to a state of perfection, which I believe is attainable in this life.

THE GARDEN

WELL cultivated will produce
Good fruit, and many things for use,
  And suitable for food;
Sweet to the taste, pleasant to sight,
If in God's works we take delight,
  And no vain guest intrude.

How pure the air, and sweet the breeze,
That fans the blossoms, shrubs and trees,
  Congenial to our health:

The open rose with drops of dew,
The fragrant lily's pallid hue,
  Sweeter than miser's wealth.

The lovely flowers, and feather'd tribe,
With plumes and beauty none describe,
  So perfect in their kind;
With native innocence they fill
Their different office, cheerful still;
  As Providence design'd.

Expression fails my faltering tongue,
While I behold them feed their young,
  Till fledg'd and fit to fly:
My soul, in adoration raise,
Thy energy in silent praise,
  To him whose power is nigh.

Great book of nature—open wide,
Then view it well from side to side,
  'Tis with instruction fraught:
No ceremony needed here,
Far purer notes assail the ear,
  Inspiring virtuous thought.

Those outward blessings made for use,
They should not, cannot be, excuse,
  Our duty to neglect;

No private walk nor public gain,
Or occupation to maintain,
  Should our best love affect.

Is there no safe, sequester'd spot?
The sacred pages tell us not,
  In this uncertain state:
Our Pattern to the garden went,
With his disciples, much intent,
  Some lessons to relate.

Behold! the traitor follow'd there;
Of traitors let us all beware,
  They know what bait will suit:
The serpent, found in paradise,
Our earthly parents did entice
  To eat forbidden fruit.

But why my mind thus carried back,
To ages past, or written track?
  As we have knowledge too:
Need we explore the mountains high,
Or any planet in the sky,
  To find out what to do?

Be still—and know the light within,
To close each avenue to sin;
  Sin keeps us in the fall:

Give God the garden of the heart,
Keep nothing back or set apart,
  He has a right to all.

Superior right, let me repeat,
As justice will with mercy meet,
  When free from earthly cares;
Improve the soil fit for the seed,
Whereon do souls immortal feed,—
  'Tis satan sows the tares.

Then let us watch by night and day,
Bearing the cross,—in secret pray,
  That we may win the crown:
His promises he will fulfil,
If we resign our selfish will,
  Or fairly lay it down.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

And now farewell, with this impress of mind,
Though silent, neither deaf, nor dumb, nor blind;
But see, and hear, and know the Shepherd's voice,
And if proclaim'd, the hearers may rejoice.
They that have ears to hear, Oh! let them hear
The voice of wisdom pure, impressive, clear.
And faithfulness the precious life will save,
Quicken the dead and raise them from the grave.
I know that sounds as gales will die away,
But gospel Truth embrac'd, will longer stay,
And calm, and soothe, and give the mind relief,
When weary, heavy-laden here with grief.
And when the head, as mine, is silver'd o'er,
We need increase our faith and patience more.
To be resign'd, I labour with my might—
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"
His sun upon the good and evil rise,
The just and unjust He with rain supplies,
Gives food and raiment—ah! what thanks are due?
His grace renews both soul and body too,
Shows imperfections plain, in vision clear,
His Providence in judgment will appear:
But Goodness plac'd the mercy seat above—
How great his wisdom, matchless is his love!

These blessings number'd, how dare I complain,
Or bring on my profession spot or stain!
His touch etherial, warms the heart and breast,
Inspires the mind to seek the promis'd rest;
And, cloth'd upon while in this house of clay,
May my immortal spirit watch and pray;
That no polluted thought may rise above,
Or close the avenue to heavenly love;
Where streams of peace and comfort sweetly flow;
These streams deluded mortals here forego.
But Israel's gracious Shepherd, ever kind,
Will gather yet the maim'd, the halt and blind.
May I rejoice and joy before I die,
And then in faithful Abraham's bosom lie.

INWARD TREASURE DESIRABLE.

The intellectual powers for service made,
Some less diffusive suited to the shade;
But each content and faithful in their sphere,
Will feel the sweet reward of peace while here.
These peaceful feelings gratitude inspire;
And here again I feebly touch the lyre.
I ask no earthly treasure more, but crave
That grace and faith and charity may save,

The soul immortal from each secret snare,
That leads from true, effectual, fervent prayer.
These heavenly gifts bestow'd on helpless man,
Still constitute the whole salvation plan;
A fruitful field for meditation spread,
That would enlarge the mind, but not the head.
  This world has comforts lawful to embrace,—
Will not the charms of nature claim a place?
The sweetest flowers, so richly here array'd,
Are by the wisdom of Jehovah made;
Whose power supreme pervades each local spot,
Although like Jacob we may know it not.
But still I know 'tis weak to hope to find
In outward things true solace to the mind;
For spirit must of spirits' food partake,
Or else the thread of life divine would break.
He by his prophet said, "all souls are mine;"
Judgment and mercy meet, and freely join.
This offers hope through all the gloom of night,
Till day breaks forth again with clearer light.

ADDRESS TO A DEISTICAL LECTURER ON ASTRONOMY.

THESE talents given us for use,
  Should to the Giver's glory tend,
Creative Energy 's abstruse,
  His laws are perfect without end.

Almighty Power has ever been—
  His covenant with day and night—
Celestial orbs and silver queen,
  And Sol's more brilliant rays of light.

The planets in their courses run,
  Fix'd in their orbits safely steer;
Our earth revolves around the sun
  With two-fold motion all the year.

The comet's course elliptic all,
  Few visits to our globe can pay,
Far distant from this oval ball,
  They just appear, then bear away.

All gravitate by power Divine,
  And yet this pleasing outward view
Cannot suffice this soul of mine,
  Without His saving knowledge too.

Then let me bow before his throne,
  Acknowledge him in every part,
His dispensations humbly own,
  Although they pierce me to the heart.

My life, my all, are His—not mine;
  He gave, and he can take away:
Oh! then, for strength all to resign,
  And greet the happy, happy day,

When kindred spirits meet above,
  Redeem'd from earth and all below,—
Wash'd in the ocean of his love,
  No more defilement e'er to know.

No clouds nor darkness intervene,
  No pain nor sickness to annoy;
No tears nor sorrow there is seen,
  But all is peace, and love, and joy.

"Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad."—YOUNG.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO NAOMI PASSMORE.

Set thy mind to seek those blessings,
Which from true obedience flow;
Precious daughter, learn this lesson,
Then thy grateful heart will glow,

With love unfeign'd to thy Creator,
Who so richly sows the seed;
Changing from a state of nature,
If the fruitful soil is freed,

From those earthly things that cumber,
Tempt and steal the mind away;
Oh! my dear, thy comforts number,
Choose the Lord to be thy stay.

He can raise from earthly pleasure,
To delight in joys above;
Then in heaven lay up thy treasure,
Where is peace and perfect love.

But in all thy walks, remember
Little foxes spoil the vine;
See, the precious fruit is tender,
Clusters rich with luscious wine.

Father's love, with mine uniting,
In this new-year's present save,
It may some time prove exciting,
When we 're in the silent grave.

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING CHRISTIAN PROFESSORS.

Support me thro' this scene of care,
Preserve my mind from ev'ry snare,
And be my staff and stay;
For when I view the thoughtless crowd,
To all appearance, vain and proud,
I think aloud and say,—

Has christianity no claim?
And is religion but a name,
The simple to amuse?
Have we no precepts to obey?
Must strong self-will still bear the sway,
And counsel all refuse?

Example too, is set aside,
When self is lifted up with pride,
And no advice will take:

Full to the brim, and always right,
In carnal pleasures take delight,
And grace and truth forsake.

The babe immortal in the breast,
Struggles for life, but is oppress'd,
His voice they will not hear:
Because it would reprove, and say,
Mortal, there comes a reck'ning day,
Which may be very near.

How can we then expect to find
True justice, love and mercy kind,
When stifled that pure voice?
And when we spend the time now given,
T' oppose his will,—make earth our heaven,
And vanity our choice;

Neglect the law writ in the heart,
And put within the inward part,
For all to know his will.
Truth's principle will nothing lose,
Of all its rights,—though we refuse
Its dictates to fulfil.

We read of pharisees and scribes,
And those whose hands are holding bribes,
Of whom we should beware;

As by their fruits they may be known;
For grapes on thorns have never grown,
  Nor figs with thistles share.

How sorrowful it is to see
Such wrong and inconsistency,
  Yet love to make a show!
Like sepulchres, tho' varnish'd white,
With dead men's bones full,—out of sight,—
  A state annex'd to woe.

May all then timely warning take,
And ev'ry withe and fetter break,
  That satan winds around;
The serpent has no power to force,
But willingly we go his course,
  With pleasing flatt'ry bound.

In mercy, or in judgment, all
Must bow the knee, both great and small,
  And with the tongue confess,
God's sov'reign power throughout should rule;
Then all might learn in wisdom's school,
  His holy name to bless.

Enter the closet—shut the door,
In secret pray—Lord, we implore,
  Oh! save the soul from sin:

Remove away the tin and dross,
And all that would produce remorse,
Make clean and pure within.

This mirror rightly understood,
Might be productive of some good,
If it could reach the heart;
If not,—superior Power take hold,
And our deceptive state unfold,
Ere judgments make us smart.

VIEWS OF OUR TROUBLED STATE.

Our nation's clad in sable weeds,
And storms still gathering round;
The anti-christian spirit leads,
Where virtue should be found.

And shall we ever see a change
In this our favour'd land?
Ambition and self-will derange,
Where'er they take command.

If hearts were soften'd down with love,
It soon would calm the ruffled mind;
And truth and justice rais'd above,
To every creature would be kind.

Abstain from pride and vanity,
Do right with one accord;
With olive branch and liberty,
Arise and serve the Lord.

The laws of universal love
To every soul extend,
And gently draw to God above,
Our Father and our Friend.

Here by my pleasant fire-side,
Retir'd I sit alone;
This faithful Friend, the christian's Guide
Has in his essence shone.

His goodness and his mercy great,
Has caus'd my heart to feel;
His matchless love can penetrate,
With soothing balm to heal.

In contemplation's vale I spend,
Great portion of my time,
My mind and thoughts sometimes ascend,
In silent views sublime.

Bow low, my soul, with gratitude,
Before his sacred throne,
And seek each day for heavenly food,
Which comes from him alone.

That I may in the end rejoice,
When time shall be no more:
I know he is the only Source,
That can true peace restore.

Now let me softly bid farewell,
And break not thy repose;
Thou knowest much more than I can tell,
I'll drop the pen and close.

1st month 2d, 1839.

OH! PEACE, HOW DESIRABLE!

Now wave the olive branch around,
And raise the ensign high for peace;
That each with laurels may be crown'd,
And love and friendship more increase.

Men, fam'd for talent on their side,
With energy their views express,
And in their judgment differ wide,
But freedom in their choice possess.

Our liberty, so loud proclaim'd,
Despotic power and pride would end;
But Truth and wisdom ever fam'd,
Some noble compromise may send.

Let peace and harmony abound,
And social intercourse prevail:
Unguarded words may sometimes wound,
But charity will never fail.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MARY ——

Thou sayest, dear Mary, I must write,—
Must I too, the subject choose?
Can my scatter'd thoughts indite,
Or shall I my friend refuse?

Thou might find some muse more able,
Genius bright to bear the test,
Set forth certainty, not fable;
Truth will please the wise and best.

For pious minds will witness peace,
When they all to God resign;
Their grief and sorrow will decrease,
And brighter days will shine.

Wisdom divine will bring content,
Make the heavy burden light;
Working wonders by consent,
Moving trouble out of sight.

Oh! he's pouring forth his blessing,
On his children many-fold;
Those that learn the christian lesson,
Purchase pearls more pure than gold.

REFLECTIONS IN DEEP TRIALS.

For many years life's slippery path I trod,
And often found it strew'd with briars and thorns;
No stranger to his wise chastising rod,
Yet some few flowers this checker'd path adorns.

Acquainted much with trouble, pain and grief,
Which many times my throbbing bosom fill'd;
But in the Lord alone I sought relief,
And healing balm was on my soul distill'd.

He is our refuge strong and sure defence,
In every age the righteous safely find;
Altho' the tempter with his vain pretence,
May strive to darken with distress the mind.

His word that calm'd the boist'rous raging sea,
  Can calm and tranquillize this heart of mine;
Dispel the clouds, and ope the eye to see,
  To love and praise such majesty Divine.

This glorious power admitted to the soul,
  With new delight, new love and life inspire;
The fogs and mists produc'd by sense, control
  And burn the rubbish with refining fire.

The world and all its votaries seem but vain,
  And vain their pride, their pomp and boasted joys,
And fraught with vanity their sportive train,
  Delusive pleasures, and amusing toys.

Then through the wilderness direct my way,
  So may my will co-operate with thine;
Anoint my eyes to see the rich display
  Of gospel light, and to its power resign.

And when the closing scene approaches nigh,
  Unloose the cord and let me pass away,
With peace to all on earth, and God on high,
  To realms of never, never ending day.

MEMORANDUM.

2d month 23rd, 1839. Through the mercy and goodness of kind Providence, the load that pressed down my spirit was measurably removed, just before the time for me to leave home for the south. So that it may be truly said, He maketh a way where there appeareth to be no way,—and faith, as a grain of mustard seed, will remove mountains and work wonders. So that from the heart arises this mode of expression:

My soul, praise thou that Arm of power,
Out-stretch'd in every needful hour;
Sustaining through the shades of death,
Again revives with living breath;
Revisits oft in love, to save
The mind immortal which he gave;
And when depress'd and low, and weak,
The voice of wisdom softly speaks,
Fear not, for I can stay the storm,
And still the waves of every form;
And gather home my scatter'd flock,
To build in safety on that Rock,
The elect, precious corner stone,
Rock of all ages and our own.

Thus leaning on a Saviour's breast,
Inherit here the promis'd rest.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Some thoughts and feelings so unite,
They shed a little glow of light,
If burnish'd, might appear more bright,
And cheer the heavy heart:
Freedom with friendship may combine,
And thereby trim the lamp of time,
Wisdom and prudence make it shine,
And sympathy impart.

My heart was grateful when I found
Pure gospel love thy spirit bound,
To visit all the churches round,
Glad tidings to proclaim;
And as the multitude shall need,
To break the bread that's bless'd, and feed,
And water too the precious seed,
Baptizing in his name.

May Israel's Shepherd lead along,
In heights and depths, and every throng;
His love persuasive, mild, and strong,
More subjects may increase:
Distilling as the evening dew,
On tender plants, the life renew,
Increase their courage to pursue
Their everlasting peace.

I long to see our Zion rise,
And shake herself from dust and lies,—
Her various privileges prize,
So precious in our sight;
Our Lord, our Lawgiver, and King,
Our light, our life, and every spring,
That to the soul redemption brings,
Should be our chief delight.

But Oh! I oft have been afraid,
That anti-christ hath engines made,
That operate and cast a shade,
To cloud the noble mind:
The heart that 's proud and prone to aspire,
Lists all the senses to acquire
That something which the vain admire,
And strikes weak reason blind.

Now travel round and view the wall,
And where it's weak and like to fall;
To superficial builders call,
That they may understand;
Of lively stones the building's made,
The sure foundation stone is laid,
And they that from this Rock have stray'd,
Are building on the sand.

Ascend the mountain and prepare
Materials for the building fair,
With gospel axe to hew and square,
That when together brought,
And measur'd by the golden rule,
And not by lines of grammar school,
We shall not need the noise of tool,
But purity of thought.

The burden-bearers too will share,
Their portion of the heavenly care,
The cup be fill'd and some to spare,
For others to enjoy:
Each member keep his proper place,
Fulfil his office, and erase
All thoughts and actions that debase,
Or happiness destroy.

Where now the sheep that hear his voice,
That follow him and bear his cross,
In this accomplish'd age of dross,
And sweeping march of mind?
The humble followers of the light,
May sit alone, retir'd from sight,
For talents polish'd shine so bright,
New specious ways to find:

With knowledge great each station fill,
Acquir'd by climbing science hill,
Made easy now by art and skill,
As genius could desire;
Discover some new way to heaven,
Partake of pharisaic leaven,
Self gratify, and if forgiven,
The vain may still admire.

THE MIND, HOW INCOMPREHENSIBLE!

Its movements wonderful to me appear,
While in connexion with the body here,
To order life's concerns and govern thought,
That no disgraceful conduct should be wrought.
For body does not move without the mind,
Directs no business, can no treasures find.
But mind can ramble over earth and seas,
And change position as the changing breeze.
Then, is the office here to gather gain?
No: that alone pursued is surely vain.
Reason and grace are to the creature given,
To glorify the Lord, and lead to heaven.

What countless numbers, rational in mind,
Enjoy this life, and still a better find;
Rejecting sordid pleasures, they resign
The will to duties moral and divine;
Maintain the warfare, to no image bow,
And wear the laurel with a placid brow.
The mind, possessing patience, victory gains,
And finds a healing balm for all its pains.
'Tis love Divine invigorates with life,
The noble mind to put an end to strife,

Subdue wrong passions, wrong desires and all
Wrong things, and rise triumphant from the fall;
And when unbodied, in the world unknown,
Join with the just that worship round the throne.
Imagination's power may prove to be,
As dang'rous as the swelling waves on sea.
So I'll adore the first Almighty cause,
Who hath in wisdom fix'd His gracious laws,
Unchangeable, while earth and sky remain,
Sun, moon, and stars, and planetary train.
Well, neither verse nor prose will always please,
A purer flame, a purer course decrees—
Go, simple muse, 'tis time for us to part,
Thy magic power has not reliev'd my heart.

4th mo. 9th, 1840.

THE GARDEN.

Addressed to a friend. Written while sitting in view of an arbour covered with grape vines, and meditating on the beautiful objects around. The wonderful works of creation are pronounced to be *good* by the adorable Author of all good.

Oft to the garden I retire,
Its varied beauties to admire,
With deep instruction fraught;
Did not our Pattern too repair,
With his disciples oft'times there,
In pensive, humble thought?

Behold! with what delight we see
The splendid beauty of the tree,
Crown'd with delicious fruit;
Expanding first its blossoms fair,
Perfuming sweetly round the air,
Supported by the root.

It must be sinful in God's eyes,
His boundless blessings to despise,
Or justice to dispute;
As all creation's ample plan
Claims this acknowledgment from man,
Praise is his attribute.

Behold the rich, luxuriant vine,
With clusters, round the arbour twine,—
An emblem of the mind,
Adhering to the Power above,
Replete with gratitude and love,
And safely here reclin'd.

Keen storms and tempests may assail
The pure in heart, but not prevail;
No: the foundation's sure.
Though wave on wave may dash the shore,
And billows rage, and foam, and roar,
The righteous are secure.

TO A FRIEND.

Some thoughts spontaneous rise, and furnish views,
If incorrect, thy goodness will excuse.
Then, in my usual simple style and way,
Some recent thoughts to thee I will convey.
Position stated, shall I gently touch,
And say a little, but not say too much?
When genuine friends in social compact meet,
How cheering! how reviving! what a treat!
The excellence of fellowship and love,
Was form'd in wisdom by the Power above.

Rich field of treasure for our helpless race,
If rightly cultur'd by the work of grace—
Grace operating on the willing heart,
To search and cleanse the disaffected part,
Improves the soil, and then expands the mind,
In fruits of love, diffusive, just and kind.
And shall I stamp too high, if I should say,
'Tis as a brook to travellers by the way.
I well remember in my younger years,
And stronger powers to vanquish slavish fears,
When faith and works, tho' small, with love was join'd,
The union form'd, hope anchor'd fast the mind,
And way was made thro' cares, and snares, and storms,
With many bitter cups in different forms;
The mind confirm'd, the way through all was made,
When close attention to the Guide was paid.
My judgment varies not with length of days;
To Israel's gracious King be all the praise.
And may I firmly, mildly, patient stand,
And be prepar'd to join the heavenly band;
Where love and life harmoniously abound,
And peace and happiness are ever found.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

THE stormy winter 's wasted by degrees,
And pleasant breezes soon will fan the trees.
The robin and the blue bird sweetly sing
Their warbling notes to welcome in the spring.
But helpless me, I have no power nor art,
To raise the life Divine to cheer my heart.
I call my small philosophy to aid,
And teach me lessons in this northern shade—
Teach resignation, till the favour'd time,
When princely Power, in majesty sublime,
Prevails and sways the sceptre over all,
And every opposition prostrate fall.
The lion's nature, soften'd down and mild,
Is led in safety by the heaven-born child;
The wolf and bear now seem to act the friend,
And when they rouse, the harmless lamb defend.
That precious gift within the human breast,
Can reconcile and soothe the mind oppress'd;
Restoring all to harmony again,
Complete on earth the peaceful kingdom's reign.
And now, behold another Eden rise,
And in the midst the tree to make one wise.

The serpent now no more can raise his head,
His power is in the new creation dead.
There 's no temptation then to disobey,
For truth, and peace, and love bear all the sway.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO RACHEL H. LONGSTRETH.

Bring thy mind to seek that treasure,
Which grace alone can give;
Turn from vain and foolish pleasure,
That thy precious soul may live.

Stem the torrent with devotion,
Such as love Divine inspires;
Peace is then the happy portion,
Piety the chief desire.

Truth pleads loudly for example,
Precept seems to lose its power;
Charity, the christian sample,
Fruits that never, never sour.

How I long to see my children,
More devoted in their day;
Hid from harm in his pavilion,
By no passion led astray.

Here temptation's oft presented,
To ensnare the youthful mind;
Many artful things invented,—
Rise and leave them all behind.

See, the righteous in all ages,
Comfort, hope, and mercy found:
Precious daughter, read those pages,*
With instruction they abound.

TO ANNA.

I FEEL, dear Anna, for the deeply tried,
And also feel we have a Sovereign Guide;
When all seems gone, the mind about to sink,
It is, I know, a bitter cup to drink.
Our Pattern drank it long before, we find,
And to his holy Father's will resign'd.
And if we cleave to him, and him alone,
He governs gently when his power we own.
Through suff'ring or abounding, I must say,
Be thou encourag'd in the heavenly way.
His cause will prosper, love Divine will aid,
Then let each thoughtful mind on him be stay'd.
In patience, and in union with the life,
There's preservation out of harm and strife.

* Referring to the scriptures of Truth.

The life is more than meat, substance than form—
The ballast safe will shift not in the storm.
The ship triumphant rides thro' wind and waves,
Jesus on board, his own disciples saves ;
He calms the sea, and stills the foaming deep,
And bids the threat'ning billows order keep ;
Increases faith, and to the mountains say,
Depart, and be remov'd out of the way.
And let the precious seed arise and take
The whole direction, for the gospel's sake.
Its advocates with dignity must stand,
Waiting the motion of Divine command,
Which safely leads along and goes before,
And will each dangerous principle explore.
For light and knowledge too, he will impart,
His love expands each true devoted heart.
How many silent suff'rers do his will,
And most advance the cause by being still!
The work seems carried on sometimes by few,
When many aid it out of public view.
Oh ! then, with faith and patience persevere,
The light makes manifest which way to steer.
'Tis sympathy has rous'd my slumb'ring muse,
And if thou don't unite, thou must excuse
Thy friend, now calmly looking for the close,
And hopes to find in love a long repose.

MORNING ASPIRATIONS.

Oh ! heavenly Father, hear my pensive cry,
Let my petition as sweet incense rise :
Unutter'd sighs and groans ascend on high,
To thee in whom my consolation lies.

Oh ! make me joyful in thy house of prayer,
And fruitful in the field of offerings too,
Preserve from every secret, deep-laid snare,
That I may daily sing thy praises new.

Expand my mind,—it centres not in earth,
It rests not there, but warm'd with seraph's fire,
That quickens in the soul that heavenly birth,
To rise on wings of love and pure desire.

Desire to trust in thy Almighty power,
In health, in sickness, or when pain assails ;
Be thou my comfort in the trying hour,
When every outward application fails.

And when the work design'd me is complete,
May my immortal soul forever rest,
Approach in humble hope thy mercy seat,
Because I lean on my Beloved's breast.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

We still require the living bread,
That from our youth sustain'd the soul,
That oft the weary spirit fed,
And oft the wayward thought control'd.

And as the mental powers decline,
And strength and vigour, once so dear,
May grace and mercy make us shine,
For perfect love will cast out fear.

My pensive mind resorts to prayer:—
Will prayers of faith acceptance find?
The soul immortal needs thy care,
Oh! heavenly Father, still be kind.

And shall I for my people plead,
That stray away and leave the fold?
May they return and freely feed,
For half thy goodness is not told.

It is thy power, and not our own,
That doth the heart and mind prepare,
To worship thee, and thee alone,
And in thy sweet communion share.

Preserve from too much earthly cares,
As cumbrous cares impede the way,
And worldly pleasures, gilded snares,
Sometimes intrude and lead astray.

The weary mind labours for rest,
But finds no rest in ought but thee;
For with the world it is oppress'd,
With pomp, and pride, and vanity.

Ah! why indulge this native strain
When writing to my absent friend?
Well, for the present I'll refrain,
Lest my defective lines offend.

8th mo. 18th, 1840.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

When I walk about the garden,
When I trace thy footsteps there,—
Feel thy love and mercy pardon,
Feel the spring to secret prayer,

Mark the beauties spread before me,
By the bounteous hand of heaven,—
May my grateful heart adore thee,
For thy blessings freely given.

Were thy creatures form'd for pleasure ?
  Hark ! the chanting feather'd tribe
Sweetly praise thee at their leisure,
  Free as air, without a bribe.

Deck'd with various plumes of beauty,
  Red and black and yellow wing,
Each engag'd in acts of duty,
  Build their little nests and sing.

Much to cheer and much to sadden,
  Burdens in this life to bear ;
May illuminations gladden,
  Hearts dispos'd to grief and care.

Gracious Goodness ! thy creation
  Nature's perfect law fulfils,
Excepting man who lost his station,
  In the freedom of his will.

This the cause of all the trouble,—
  Here the heavenly image lost ;
Wrong indulg'd will strengthen double,—
  Oh ! what sorrow sin has cost.

Still thy love and mercy follow'd,
  Wrought on the aspiring mind ;
Jacob's sons transgress'd and sorrow'd
  For their conduct so unkind.

Marvellous have been thy dealings
With thy noble creature man;
And thy power will touch the feelings,
When no human reason can;

And subdue that worldly passion,
The unlawful love of gain,
With such customs now in fashion,
That the christian's garment stain.

DAPHNA INDICA.

The daphna indica how sweet!
Its fragrance scents the parlour round;
This plant to florists is a treat,
And is but rarely to be found.

Of all the shrubby tribe in view,
There's few more pleasing to the sight;
Its blossoms ting'd with purple hue,
The tube is of a pallid white.

From some warm southern clime it came,
Our northern blasts it will not bear;
Then sure this land of growing fame,
Some warmth congenial will prepare.

ADDRESS TO TWO YOUNG FEMALES,

On paying a social visit to their friend.

Gay and blooming as the spring,
Cheerful as the birds that sing,
Careful, watchful, every hour,
No rude hand dare touch the flow'r.
Innocence has powerful arms,
To preserve these female charms;
Providence, for ever kind,
Blesses them with strength of mind;
And his gift of grace within,
To preserve the soul from sin.
Let no germ of envy rest
In the youthful, peaceful breast;
To deface or bring a shade
On the likeness God has made.
Ah! ye precious, blooming youth,
Seek the Lord, obey the truth.
This is all I have to say;
Keep my counsel day by day.

ON RECEIVING SOME LINES FROM A FRIEND.

The mind is mov'd, the cause by us unseen,—
Do we discover what the motions mean?
Our faculties are given us to inspect,
And time and understanding, to reflect.
The mind's impress'd for some important end;
How few to this essential point attend!
And could I coin some words that would convey,
Or half the sorrows of my heart portray,
I might to friendly sympathy lay claim;
For more exists in friendship than a name.
Yes, more,—some tender feelings in the mind,
Not easily describ'd, nor yet defin'd.
But in distress the heavenly Friend is found,
He understands our language without sound:
His mercy's great, and every morning new,
A faithful Friend,—or what could sinners do?
Admitted to his presence, stays the soul,
Propitious Providence regards the whole;
Beholds the evils that so pierce my heart,
Burden the life and leave the wound to smart.
Oh! gracious Lord, support me to the end,
And move the prodigals their ways to mend.
For time is short, and can make no delay,
The scene will close, and we must pass away.

WAKING THOUGHTS.

EARLY, before the dawn of light,
The moon was shining clear and bright;
And sleep departing from my eyes,
The scenes of former life arise;
I look, and silently behold,
My blessings have been manifold.
My gratitude is ever due
To him whose mercy's daily new.
Our mental views and reas'ning powers,
May often soothe the passing hours;
And pensive, thoughtful nights and days,
May fit the heart for prayer and praise.
Close trials are oft the christian's lot,
They prove our love, if true or not;
For love Divine within the breast,
Will gently, sweetly, soothe to rest.

THE MEETING.

As silent with my friends I sat,
To watch the casting of the net,
That I might some refreshment get,
That would my strength renew;
I felt the gospel spring arise,
And view'd its motion with surprise,
My longing soul found fresh supplies,
From Him that's just and true.

These overflowing streams of love
All clouds and darkness will remove,
And raise the mind to God above,
With peace, good-will to all;
When in these heavenly places sweet,
His children in his presence meet,
It forms a paradise complete—
Redemption from the fall.

For in his presence is delight,
It is a lamp that burneth bright,
To guide our steps by day and night,
A new and living way:

Profoundly silent we adore,
His matchless grace and aid implore,
T' instruct his people more and more,
And teach us how to pray.

But Oh ! the wand'ring earthly mind,
To patient waiting not inclin'd,
Some other god will quickly find,
And soon become amus'd,
In building castles with their gain,
While worldly spots their garments stain,
Until the precious life is slain,
And love Divine refus'd.

If we its healing streams oppose,
And every avenue will close,
Back to its fountain then it goes,
And leaves us to our choice :
The suff'ring seed is then oppress'd,
And sorrow fills the tender breast,
So many dwell at ease, and rest
Deaf to the Shepherd's voice.

May Zion's mourners who now weep,
The everlasting patience keep,
While some poor creatures fall asleep,
And take a short repose :

With earthly mind and drowsy head,
And much indifference overspread,
They hunger not for heavenly bread,
Until the meeting's close.

Yet those who wait upon the Lord,
And are attentive to his Word,
Shall always have a full reward,
And never meet in vain:
Their souls shall feed on heavenly food,
By which their strength will be renew'd,
To travel in the way that's good,
Without fatigue or pain.

How sweet the union of such minds,
In solemn silence known;
Where each its proper centre finds,
And bows before the throne.

ON VIEWING THE STATE OF SOCIETY.

THERE's healing balm, and virtue still to warm,
That would restore to life, and health, and rest,
Support the bark in every dang'rous storm,
The faithful Pilot watching in the breast.

His eye discovers where the danger lies,
The rocks, the shoals and quicksands near the shore,
And if the active, passive crew complies
With his direction, danger is no more.

Steer through the storm,—there's ballast in the hold,
Loose not the rudder bands nor let her drive,—
Truth will some wholesome discipline unfold,
To save the toss'd and shatter'd bark alive.

Contrary gales at first may softly blow,
Secure the rigging well, both left and right;
Bear to the wind that all on board may know,
If seas should meet, our trust is in the light.

And Achor's valley gives a door of hope,
That anchors safe in confidence the mind,
When storm and tempest with a threat'ning scope,
Would move, if possible, the soul resign'd.

And now, alas! for those that sit at ease,
In self-sufficiency, and lifeless form,
Govern'd by worldly spirit,—when will these
Suffer the vital principle to warm?

Let reason's lamp be lighted from on high,
And shine upon the understanding clear,
To give the knowledge of a Saviour nigh,
Whose voice the wise and silent plainly hear:

And light progressive more and more reveal
To minds expanded, waiting to receive;
The contrite hearts are often brought to feel
That sov'reign Power in which they do believe.

But then the cross, the cross stands in the way,
How hard it is for flesh and blood to bear!
Indulge in vanity, and often say,
For piety there is no time to spare.

But mortals frail, how soon will death deprive
Of all those worldly fascinating things,
The hour, however awful, will arrive,
Prepar'd or not to meet the King of kings.

The spirit then unbodied in his sight,
It matters little what has been profess'd;
He knows in what the heart has took delight,
And works of righteousness bring peace and rest.

"DEVOTION, DAUGHTER OF ASTRONOMY."

My kind friend may think it strange for a person nearly eighty-three years of age, to apply for the loan of Dick's Geography of the outward heavens and Celestial Atlas; but it has been a favourite study since my juvenile years, and is still entertaining in some of my leisure hours.

A FEW more suns may shine upon this head,
Before 'tis number'd with the silent dead.
The book of nature opens daily new,
Profound its lessons to my mental view,
The wisdom, power and order, so display'd;
A sure foundation too, for man is laid,
Whereon to build a house not made with hands,—
Eternal in the heavens it safely stands.
Shall sorrow fill the heart, or clip the wing
Of love Divine, which still such comforts bring,
Amidst the work of systems so complete,
So bound together from the head to feet?
The poor and weak in kindness here partake
Of streams of water from the crystal lake;
Which freely flows within the christian bound,
Producing fruits of goodness fair and sound.

THOUGHTS AT HOME.

Bless'd with the means to keep me warm,
And shelter'd from the rain and storm;
Here, pensive in my quiet home,
I contemplate on worlds unknown;
Whose Sov'reign Lord at once beholds
The flocks and lambs of every fold,
Provides them food; his gracious eye
Sees far and near, the low and high;
And with the warmth of love inspires,
And on the altar kindles fires,
That will consume the sacrifice,
And insence sweet on high arise;
With thanks to Him whose glorious light
Dispels the heavy gloom of night.
The first of eighteen forty-one,
How mask'd was the material sun,
Fix'd on his axis! but the vail
Of clouds and snow, with rain and hail,
Obscur'd his disk, and glory bright,
That cheers our orb with rays of light,
Gives vigour to each nerve and vein,
To strengthen life and Truth maintain.

1st mo. 13th, 1841.

TO A FRIEND.

WEAK and impotent, yet I'll send
Some metre thoughts to cheer my friend;
With hope he will not sink too low;
Our gracious Lord is nigh, we know,
Can stay the tumult wide extended,
Commotion with commotion blended.
His boundless love the mind sustains,
Through exercises, griefs, and pains.
Recount his blessings, let them cheer,
His double blessings furnish'd here.
Behold! the great and wise designs!
The outward sun with lustre shines,
Emits his rays of light and heat,
To make the glorious work complete.
Can love do more for fallen man,
Than give his rich redeeming plan?
His blessed Son, the inward Light,
That ever shines, but vail'd from sight;
When our disorder'd passions crowd,
They cover over like a cloud.
But when the earthly part is slain,
The temple's vail is rent in twain—
The light appears, the living springs
Arise, and to him praises sings,

That sits now on his heavenly throne,
And all his faithful subjects own.
  But temples form'd for holy life,
Are oft defil'd with rage and strife.
'Tis pride and evil, mortal foes,
Cause disobedience, death and woes.
And laws Divine are broken through,
By statesmen, warriors, others too;
The mental eye looks through the screen,
And plain the world unmask'd is seen.
But if we look within, and muse
On truth, truth offers better views;
The lame, the halt, the sick are heal'd,
The gospel to the poor reveal'd,
The thief when on the cross forgive,
And sinners may repent and live,
And praise him with their latest breath,
That sav'd them from the sting of death;
Witness the power of saving grace,
In mercy offer'd to our race.

"HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR."

INQUIRY's spreading far and wide,—
If Truth direct her way,
With light and reason for her guide,
Then wisdom will repay.

There's rocks, and shoals, and dreary sands,
Successive day and night,
But wisdom in her beauty stands,
Diffusing rays of light.

Still shining on the path to peace,
To happiness and rest,
And virtues more and more increase,
Within the human breast.

If virtue governs in the heart,
The actions will partake;
But give to pride the peccant part,
And friendship is at stake.

Division rends both church and state,
The people's much at strife;
Resentment cherish'd turns to hate,
And ends in loss of life.

Our favour'd land 's with blessings sown,
Yet vice and folly rules ;
Those that lack judgment of their own,
Will serve for party tools.

Dependant mortals disobey
God's holy law and will ;
Corrupt in morals, but will say
That they are christians still.

The King of kings that reigns above,
Whose judgment's ever just,
Receives the peaceful soul in love,
When dust returns to dust.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

I LAY me down upon my couch,
To rest this feeble frame ;
But ah ! the mind—the weary mind—
Rests not but in His name.

For can we rest on earthly bliss ?
Or worldly, vain applause ?
For they that know their Master's will
Should execute his laws.

And this occasions exercise,
  And sometimes suffering too;
The church is in the wilderness,
  She must come forth anew.

And wisdom's pure unchanging voice
  Will cheer and smooth the way,
Illuminate her votaries,
  And lead to perfect day.

8th month 15th, 1841.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

This busy day has pass'd along,
  And brought me nearer to the close;
My mind, preserv'd from wilful wrong,
  This evening feels a sweet repose.

Repose in that Almighty power,
  Whose mercies great and matchless love,
Have follow'd to the present hour,
  And rais'd the mind to things above.

What shall I render to the Lord,
  For all his benefits to me?
My heart and mind, with one accord,
  Bows down in sweet tranquillity.

I have not language to convey,
Or put on paper what I feel;
Oh! let it then suffice to say,
That love Divine will still reveal,

To babes and sucklings, that rely
On him each day for heavenly bread;
Hid from the wise and prudent eye,
The poor and needy soul is fed.

Oh! what is all the golden ore,
To happiness and peace of mind?
A heavenly treasure, far before,—
This his devoted children find.

When fellowship and union sweet,
Is with the Father and the Son;
And with each other, here they meet
With joy, and mingle into one.

I would not change this happy state,
For all the glory earth can give;
Then be persuaded, small and great,
To taste and see, obey and live.

"GIVE US DAY BY DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

THOU MIGHTY MIND, thy power and love Divine
Can comfort this oft mournful soul of mine.
Thy gracious goodness can the heart prepare,
And fit the spirit for a state of prayer.
This world has treasures,—but it cannot give
The food on which immortal spirits live.
But there are treasures in the world above,
Enjoy'd by all, perfected in thy love.
Thus, pensive, musing, such a train of thought,
Both past and future, to my mind was brought;
That warm'd my bosom with celestial fire,
And love and gratitude increas'd desire,
To thank thee, Father, for thy favours past;
Oh! bless me with these favours to the last.
My senses all, my reason and my mind,
Preserve in soundness, to thy will resign'd.
That I may praise thee with my latest breath,
Through the low valley, and the shades of death.
Death will e'er long arrest this mortal frame,
And will some virtue still preserve the name?
Some fellow-feeling in the kindred breast
Revive and live when I am gone to rest?

10th mo. 15th, 1842.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

The great Jehovah's universal care
Extends to his creation every where.
In every dreary waste and desert place,
His omnipresence equal fills all space.
He's near his suffering creatures in their pain,
He sees the sinner, tyrant and profane;
His mighty works by laws of wisdom bound,
From earth to heaven with majesty are crown'd.
His spangled arch, see round us nightly close,
Suiting for man and beast to take repose.
If lost in wonder, or advanc'd in age,
Unbounded Goodness still would make us sage;
And fit us for the mansion he prepares,
When done with time on earth and earthly cares.
Fearful and wonderfully made is man,
With will to choose or to refuse his plan.
His law of life is manifest within,
To save from pride and self, the root of sin.
Nature and grace, not one, both act their part,
Right reason and an understanding heart,
Would bind them round about as rays of light,
And faith remove obstruction from the sight.
Hope too will anchor deep the humble mind.
But zeal is, without knowledge, often blind:

While charity's long suffering patience bears,
Dispos'd to favour,—on repentance spares :
Mercy and justice fill the judgment seat—
And here in love his works are all complete.
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right,"
Though vail'd in wisdom oft from human sight ?

1st month 19th, 1843.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Where dost thou dwell, O wondrous Power,
In all creation's vast expanse !
In me—in all, each day and hour,
Thy glorious kingdom to advance.

Thou bounds the ocean, wind and storms,
Presides o'er trackless lands and sea,
Beholds the empty show of forms,
And all contrivance out of thee ;

Sees active minds, with one accord,
Press on, when popular the theme,
If Nimrod-like, before the Lord,
How wild such cunning hunting scheme !

Thou seest the black man—red man too,
  Drove from the land, north, south and west;
Extend them mercies, daily new,
  Tho' by tyrannic power oppress'd.

In distant parts and mountains wild,
  Imprint thy goodness in the soul
Of poverty's untutor'd child,
  Constrain'd in ignorance to stroll,

Thro' winter's cold, with shiv'ring limbs,
  Expos'd to storms of rain and snows;
While pride exults in fashion's trim,
  Nor sympathy with suff'ring knows.

Where will transgressors hide their face,
  Who disobey thy gracious call?
In word and action bring disgrace,
  And still continue in the fall.

Proclaim salvation, Power Divine,
  And search the heart and try the reins,
Subject the stubborn will to thine,
  While thou in mercy still sustains.

THE POWERS OF NATURE FAILING.

Oh! let my failings sleep in silent peace,
When the immortal mind or spirit's gone,
And all these earthly cares and pleasures cease,
That to the human nature do belong.

Defective memory indicates decay—
Does this affliction act the friend or foe?
Infirmity increases every day,
The understanding says it must be so.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

While some delight in reason's rich display,
Let me rejoice in uncreated day;—
That day will never, never cease to be,
Which faithful Abraham rejoic'd to see;—
A glorious day! It shines in mortal man,
Tho' he observes it not, or cannot scan.
For human reason join'd with human pride,
Carries away the mind with wind and tide:

Which makes my prostrate heart in secret plead—
And with true love and pity intercede,
For those who in the broad way take delight,
Whose works are darkness and who hate the light.
For surely there are feelings in the breast,
Affected, when the precious life's oppress'd.

THE TIMES.

How sad the folly of the present time!
What trampling on the precious life Divine!
The wisdom from above is set aside,
And worldly wisdom fosters human pride.
See! parties, lectures, eloquence and art,
In which professors now do take their part.
The meek and lowly Pattern's set at naught,
The cross and other precepts which he taught.
The mournful prophet wept, but wept in vain,
For all his tears did not restore the slain.
And now, if people will not be reclaim'd,
Jehovah's goodness still shall be proclaim'd.

"Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings; and ye would not."

HUMBLE CONFIDENCE.

Goodness and mercy reigns above,
Diffusing truth, and peace, and love,
And lighting, like the mystic dove,
Upon the pure in heart;
May all his chosen ones draw near,
In faith unfeign'd, and holy fear,
Wait,—till his blessed presence cheer,
And thus enjoy their part.

But why will bold, presumptuous man,
Whose days on earth are but a span,
Still thwart Jehovah's gracious plan,
And substitute his own;
How poor, how weak his vain pretence,
His learned logic, crafty sense,
Compar'd with Truth, the sure defence,
When power supreme is known.

The soul immortal which thou gave,
Is thine,—and thine the power to save,
Thro' our probations, to the grave,
Preserve us in thy fear:
Oh! cast us not out of thy sight,
But let us in thy law delight,
And watchful pass the mental night,
Until the day appear.

THE END.

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